

CRIME  
AND  
JUSTICE

and **JUSTICE**

No 5

10¢  
L.N.C.

♪ AHH! ♪  
GOING ON THIS SECOND  
HONEYMOON IS LIKE A  
WONDERFUL DREAM  
TO ME, MISTER  
CURTIS CHASE!

YES, MRS.  
CHASE...NOTHING  
LIKE A NICE,  
**QUIET**  
DRIVE TO GET  
AWAY FROM THE  
REALITIES OF A HOOD-  
LUM FILLED WORLD!







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# CRIME FIGHTING



## THE MICROSPECTROSCOPE

MICROSPECTROSCOPIC EXAMINATION OF SUSPECTED BLOOD STAINS AND THE SPECTROGRAPHIC ANALYSIS OF PAINT IS AN IMPORTANT FUNCTION OF THE POLICE TECHNICAL LABORATORY.

BALLISTIC EXPERT EXAMINES VICTIMS CLOTHING FOR POWDER BURNS WHICH IS A VALUABLE PIECE OF EVIDENCE BECAUSE IT DETERMINES THE RANGE OF FIRE...SUCH FACTS AS THESE ARE IMPORTANT IN DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN MURDER AND MISADVENTURE OR ACCIDENTAL DEATH.....



IF THE BULLET IS STILL IN THE VICTIM IT IS CAREFULLY EXTRACTED BY A PATHOLOGIST. IF IT HAS PASSED THROUGH THE BODY, A SEARCH IS MADE FOR IT IN THE SURROUNDING WALLS AND FLOOR. IF THE BULLET IS FOUND EMBEDDED IN WOOD, IT IS NOT REMOVED BUT A PART OF THE WOOD IS SAWED OFF ALL AROUND THE BULLET. THIS IS DONE IN ORDER TO AVOID SCRATCHING THE LATTER.....



## THE COMPARISON MICROSCOPE

EACH GUN HAS ITS OWN INDIVIDUAL TELL TALE SIGNATURE BUT BALLISTIC EXPERTS CAN IDENTIFY THE GUN THAT FIRED A BULLET BY THE USE OF THIS WONDERFUL SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT....





CRIME AND JUSTICE

# The BLACK SHEEP

A MR. and MRS. CHASE MYSTERY NOVELETTE



**U**NDER THE HEAVY MIST THAT ENVELOPES THE COUNTRYSIDE A WILD-EYED, DESPERATE MAN STUMBLES AND CRAWLS THROUGH THE DENSE FOLIAGE OF THE MARSHES THAT SURROUND STATE PRISON. BEHIND HIM IN THE NEAR DISTANCE, THE BAYING OF HOUNDS, AND THE WAIL OF THE PRISON SIREN PUT SPEED IN HIS ACHING LEGS, AND FEAR IN HIS POUNDING HEART!



# CRIME AND JUSTICE

FOR LONG, AGONIZING HOURS THE CONVICT STRUGGLES THROUGH THE MURKY SWAMP... UNTIL THE SOUNDS OF HIS PURSUERS FADE AND ARE LOST IN THE DISTANCE...

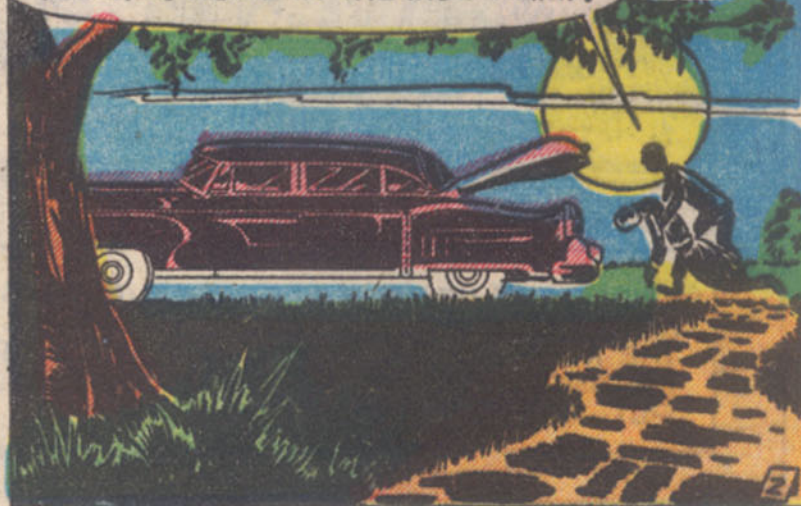


THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AT THE LUXURIOUS HOME OF ANDREW BENTON...



DAVE BENTON BRINGS THE STATUETTE CRASHING DOWN ON HIS TWIN BROTHER'S HEAD... AND A DARING PLAN TAKES SHAPE IN HIS WICKED BRAIN AS HE CARRIES ANDREW'S LIMP FORM OUTSIDE...

AH! HERE'S ANDREW'S CAR! I'LL TIE HIM UP AND PUT HIM IN THE TRUNK! THEN I'LL DRIVE TO HIS SUMMER HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS!

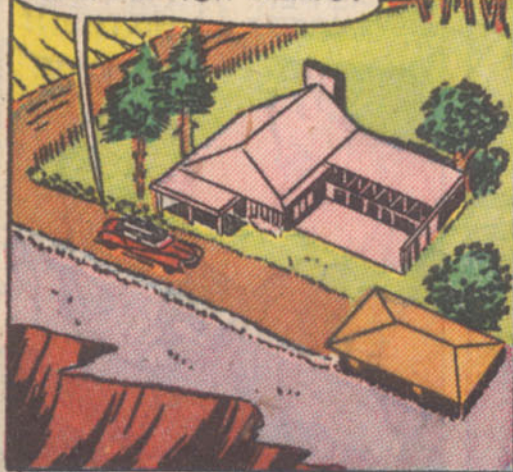




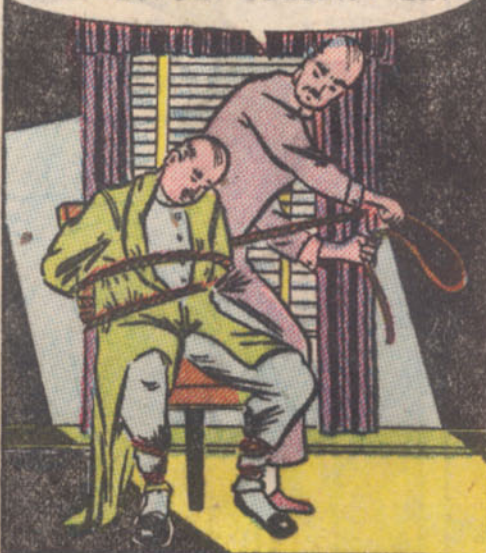
# CRIME AND JUSTICE

A FEW HOURS LATER DAVE PULLS TO A STOP BEFORE 'THE GLEN' HIS BROTHER'S SUMMER HOME...

HERE IT IS! IT'LL BE SAFE TO LEAVE ANDREW TIED UP HERE! NO ONE WILL FIND HIM... NOT IN A MILLION YEARS!



PRACTICALLY ALL MY LIFE I'VE ENVIED YOU, ANDREW! YOU'VE GOT WEALTH, PRESTIGE... ALL THE THINGS I'VE ALWAYS WANTED BUT COULDN'T GET!



HA! HA! BUT I'VE GOT THEM NOW! DEAR BROTHER! YES, STARTING TONIGHT I'M TAKING YOUR PLACE IN LIFE... AND NO ONE WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!



THE NEXT MORNING, DAVE BENTON, PLAYING HIS BROTHER'S ROLE, ARRIVED AT THE BANK...

HMM! DAVE BENTON, BANK PRESIDENT! HA, HA! OH, IF THE BOYS IN STIR COULD SEE ME NOW!

GOOD MORNING... MR. BENTON! YOUR DAUGHTER WIRED THAT SHE'D BE HOME FROM COLLEGE TOMORROW! AND THERE'S A GENTLEMAN WAITING IN YOUR OFFICE!



MR. ANDREW BENTON? MY NAME IS SERGEANT COLLINS... I'M FROM THE POLICE!

POLICE?

OH! ER... YES, SERGEANT! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



YOU PROBABLY HAVEN'T HEARD, BUT YOUR TWIN BROTHER DAVE ESCAPED FROM STATE PENITENTIARY WHERE HE WAS SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE!

HE HAS? WHY, THAT'S TERRIBLE! IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP YOU?

NO, NOT NOW! HE CAN'T GO TO ANY OF HIS OLD HAUNTS... WE HAVE MEN WATCHING THEM! BUT IF HE GETS DESPERATE, HE MAY COME TO YOU! IF HE DOES, WE'D WANT YOU TO CALL US!

BY ALL MEANS! REST ASSURED I WILL DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO ASSIST YOU!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE OFFICE..

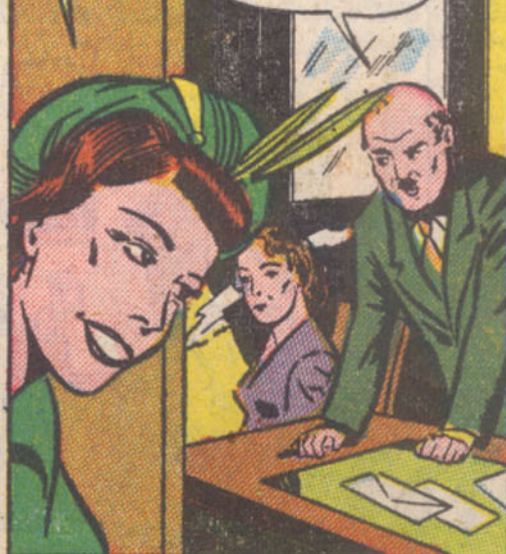
HELLO, MISS BENTON! SO NICE TO SEE YOU HOME FROM COLLEGE!

HELLO, MARTHA! DON'T TELL DAD I'M HERE! I'LL GO RIGHT IN AND SURPRISE HIM!



Hi!

WHAT? SAY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BARGING IN HERE LIKE THIS? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?



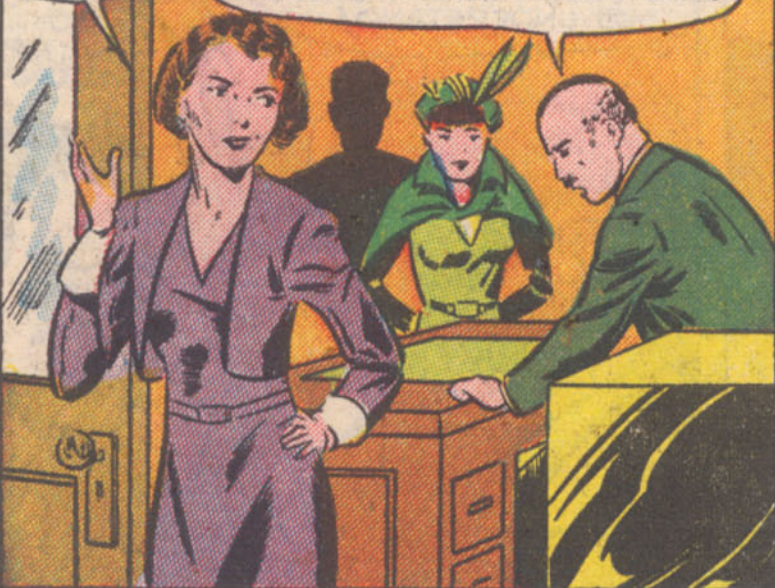
DAD! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR OWN DAUGHTER?

DAUGHTER? OH! ER.. OF COURSE, DEAR! IT'S JUST SO... SO DARK IN HERE! HA! HA!



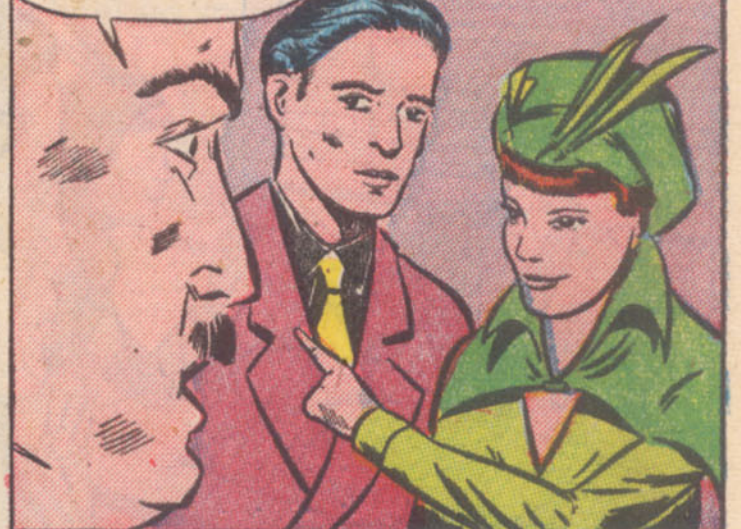
...I GUESS I'LL BE LEAVING!

EH? OH, BY ALL MEANS, GLADYS! KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ME ABOUT THAT, ER... THAT **DEAL** WE WERE DISCUSSING! HEH! GOOD BYE!



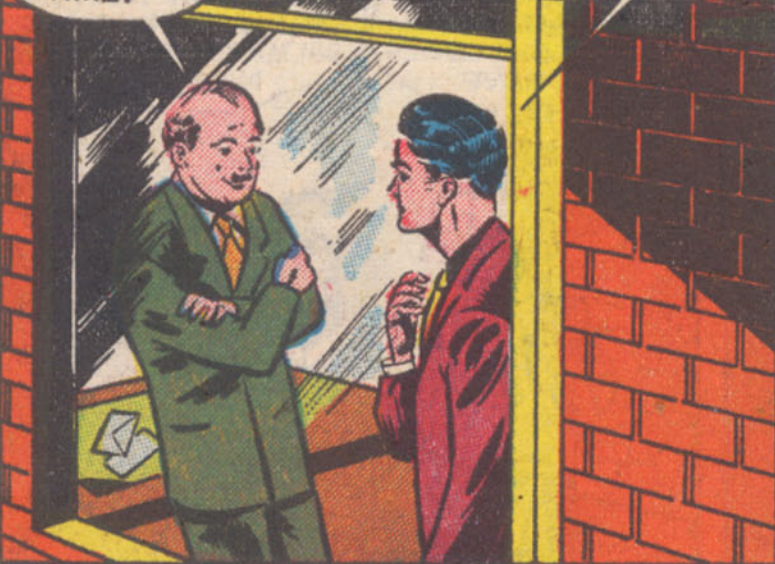
WELL! IT'S CERTAINLY GREAT TO HAVE YOU HOME AGAIN, DEAR! OH... YOU HAVEN'T INTRODUCED ME TO YOUR FRIEND!

WHY, DAD! YOU REMEMBER PAUL!



HA! HA! OF COURSE I DO! I WAS ONLY JOKING! HOW ARE YOU, PAUL? HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN A LONG TIME!

LONG TIME? OH, SURE! HA, HA! IT HAS BEEN QUITE A WHILE, HASN'T IT!



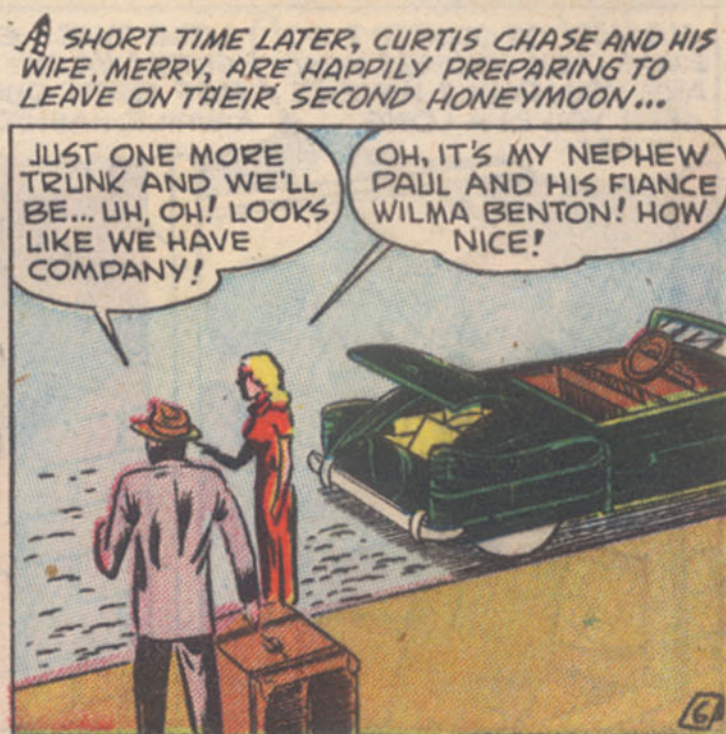
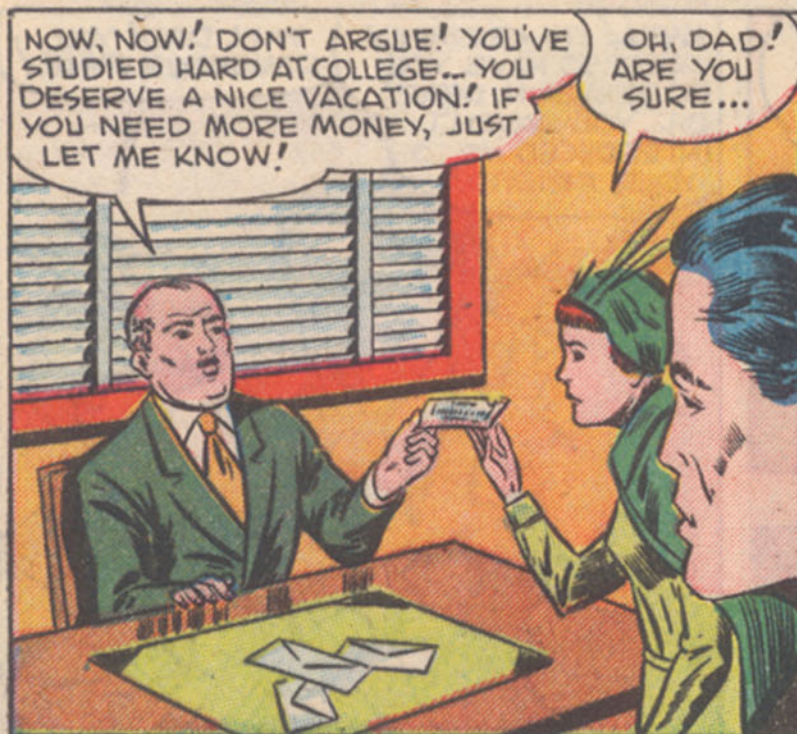
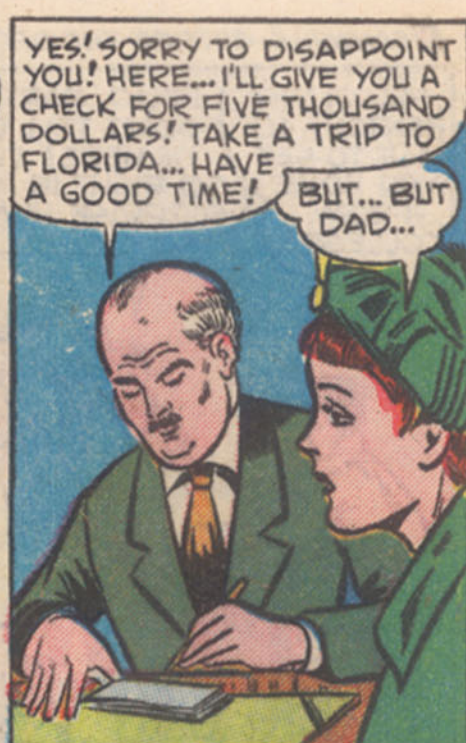
SUCH A NICE DOG! DID YOU GET HIM UP AT SCHOOL? WHAT'S HIS NAME? HERE BOY...

HIS...HIS NAME? IT'S KING! NOW THAT'S STRANGE! WHY IS HE GROWLING AND BACKING AWAY FROM YOU? KING! STOP THAT!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE



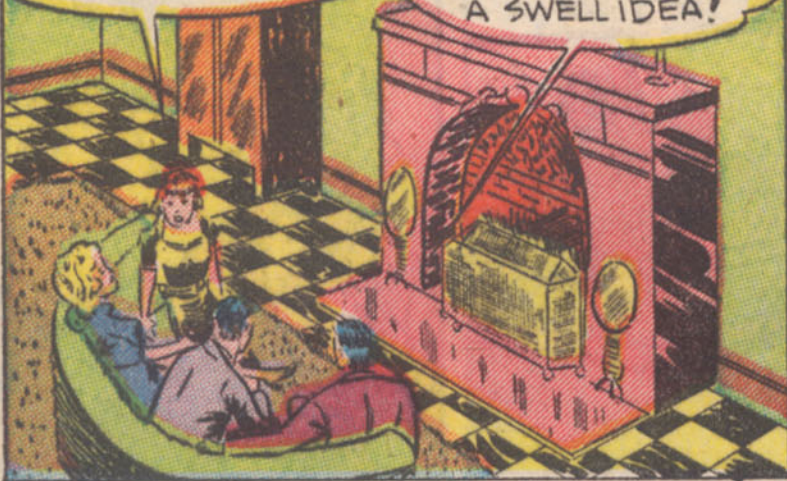


# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**SOME TIME LATER...**

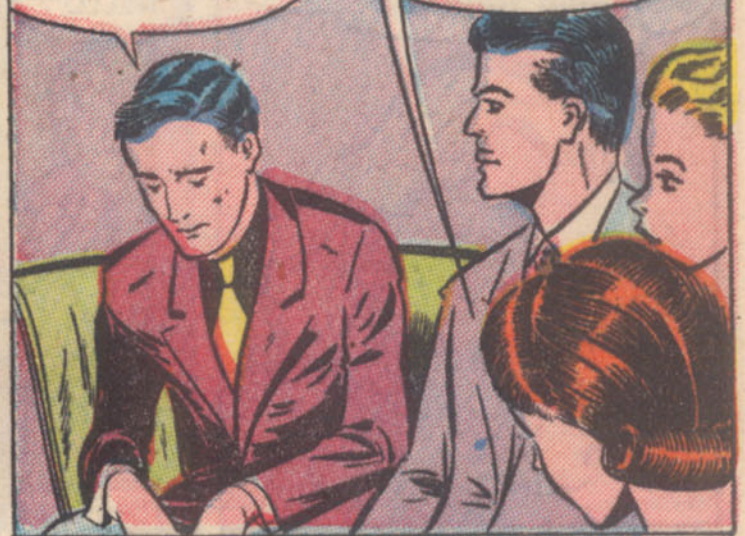
...AND THAT'S THE STORY! DADDY DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHO I **WAS!** AND HE ACTED LIKE PAUL WAS A COMPLETE STRANGER TO HIM!

...AND HE'S KNOWN ME FOR YEARS! WHY, EVEN LAST WEEK I SPOKE TO HIM ABOUT WILMA WANTING TO STAY AT "THE GLEN" AND HE SAID IT WAS A SWELL IDEA!



...BUT TODAY HE SAID IT WAS BEING REDECORATED! THAT'S NOT LIKE HIM AT ALL! HE ACTED SO...SO **DIFFERENT!**

HE DIDN'T KNOW MY DOG...THE ONE HE GAVE ME! AND HE GAVE ME A CHECK SO I COULD TAKE A TRIP TO **FLORIDA!**



(SOB!) I'VE JUST **RETURNED** FROM FLORIDA TO MARRY PAUL THIS WEEK! DAD **KNEW** THAT A LONG TIME AGO! BUT NOW... OH, I JUST KNOW SOMETHING'S **WRONG!**

...AND ABOUT THAT CHECK! HE SIGNED IT WITH HIS **LEFT HAND!**



...WHY, THAT'S RIGHT! HE **DID!** AND DAD'S ALWAYS BEEN **RIGHT** HANDED! OH, MR. CHASE, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

I DON'T KNOW YET, WILMA. BUT SOMETHING'S AMISS, I'M CERTAIN OF THAT! TELL ME MORE ABOUT HIM!



I'VE TOLD EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT HIM! HE HAS NO FAMILY, LIVING... EXCEPT FOR A TWIN BROTHER WHOM I'VE NEVER MET!

I SEE! WELL, PROBABLY, HE'S JUST OVERWORKED! POSSIBLY A **BREAKDOWN!**



I HOPE IT'S NOTHING MORE **SERIOUS!**

OH, I DOUBT IT! LET A DOCTOR EXAMINE HIM... AND WHEN MERRY AND I COME BACK FROM...

CURTIS, DEAR...



...OUR SECOND HONEYMOON CAN WAIT A FEW DAYS, NOW GO BRING THE LUGGAGE IN FROM THE CAR LIKE A GOOD LITTLE BOY!

(SIGH-H-H!) WELL...I TRIED!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**THE NEXT MORNING, MERRY CHASE ARRIVES AT THE BANK...**

I'LL WALK RIGHT IN ON WILMA'S FATHER, AND ACT LIKE I'VE KNOWN HIM FOR YEARS! WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

HELLO, ANDREW! JUST HAPPENED TO BE PASSING BY...THOUGHT I'D DROP IN AND SAY 'HELLO'!

HUH? OH! OH, OF COURSE! GLAD YOU DID! IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

MY COUSIN SAID HE AND YOU FINALLY CLOSED THAT CONSTRUCTION DEAL IN LOS ANGELES! GOT A MATCH?

ER...MATCH? YES! HERE! KEEP THE WHOLE BOOK!

MY COUSIN SAID THE DEAL WOULD BE VERY PROFITABLE!

ER...YOUR COUSIN...YES! YES, I, AH...I'M QUITE SURE IT WILL BE! HA, HA! TELL HIM TO DROP IN AGAIN SOMETIME!

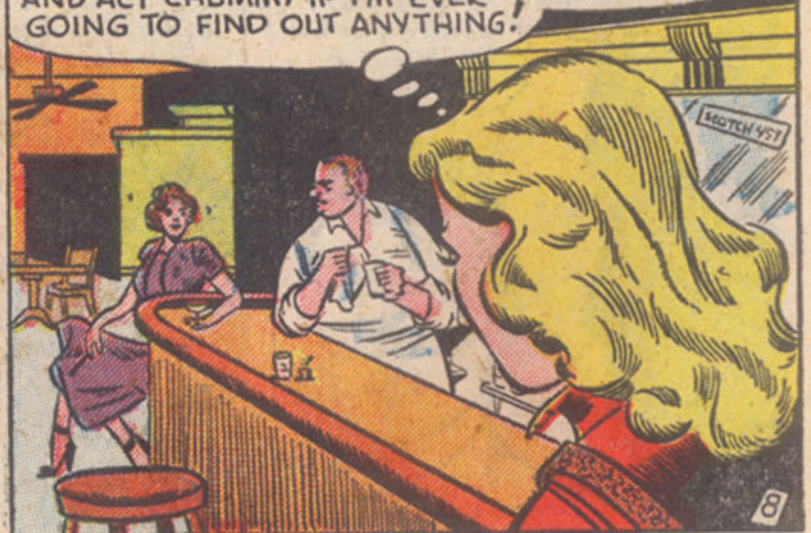
**LATER, OUT IN THE STREET...**

SOMETHING IS WRONG! THE WAY HE FELL FOR THAT 'COUSIN' LINE MAKES ME POSITIVE! AND THIS BOOK OF MATCHES...

WHAT WOULD A MAN IN BENTON'S SOCIAL POSITION BE DOING WITH A MATCHBOOK FROM ONE OF THE CHEAPEST DIVES IN THE CITY? I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY CONNECTION...???

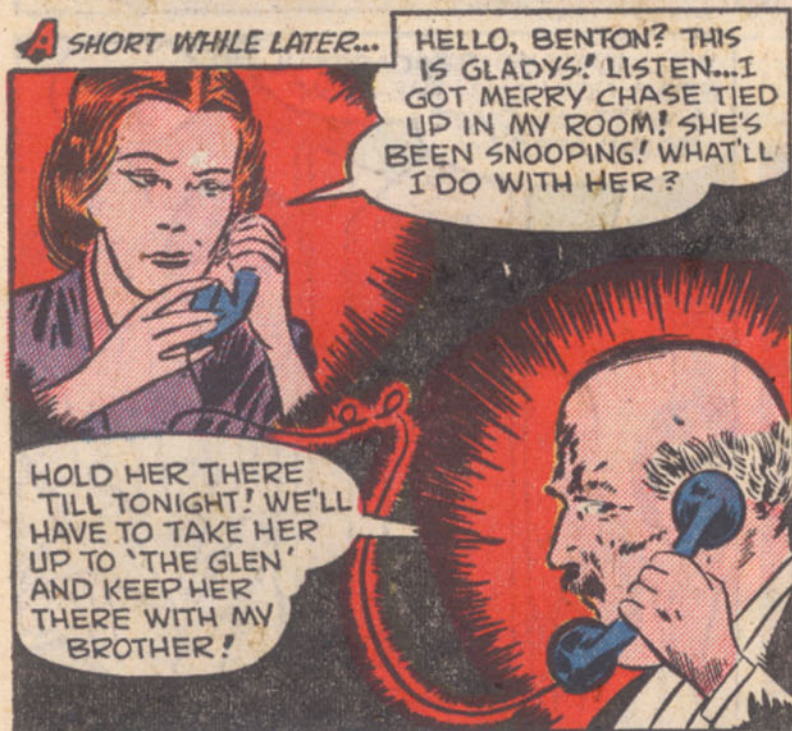
**AND SO, A SHORT TIME LATER, MERRY CHASE ENTERS THE 'RENO BAR AND GRILL'...**

LOOKS LIKE THAT WOMAN AND MYSELF ARE THE ONLY CUSTOMERS! WELL, I'D BETTER GO OVER AND ACT CHUMMY IF I'M EVER GOING TO FIND OUT ANYTHING!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

... AND BACK IN THE CITY...

...YOUR WIFE?  
WHY, NO, MR.  
CHASE! I  
HAVEN'T  
SEEN HER  
AT ALL!

BLAZES! I CAN'T  
FIND HER! I  
BET SHE'S GOT  
HERSELF IN  
TROUBLE AGAIN!  
WELL, THANKS  
ANYWAY, WILMA!



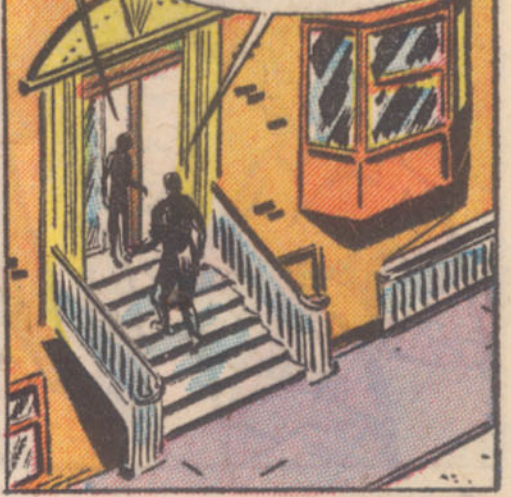
I'D BETTER GET OVER TO  
ANDREW BENTON'S HOUSE!  
I WANT TO TALK TO HIM!  
CONFOUND IT! I HOPE  
MERRY IS ALL RIGHT!



LATER

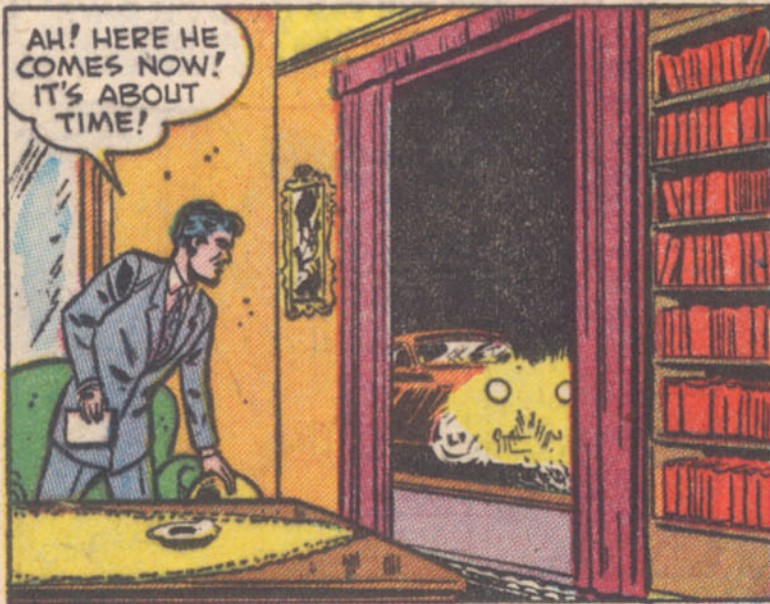
MR. BENTON WILL NOT BE  
HOME FOR SEVERAL HOURS,  
SIR!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT!  
I'LL WAIT!



MR. CHASE IS LED TO THE LIBRARY WHERE HE  
WAITS PATIENTLY. FINALLY, HE HEARS A CAR  
PULLING INTO THE DRIVEWAY...

AH! HERE HE  
COMES NOW!  
IT'S ABOUT  
TIME!



WE'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL  
FROM NOW ON! 'THE GLEN'  
IS GETTING OVER  
POPULATED!

AHEM!



WHAT TH...?  
WHO ARE YOU?!

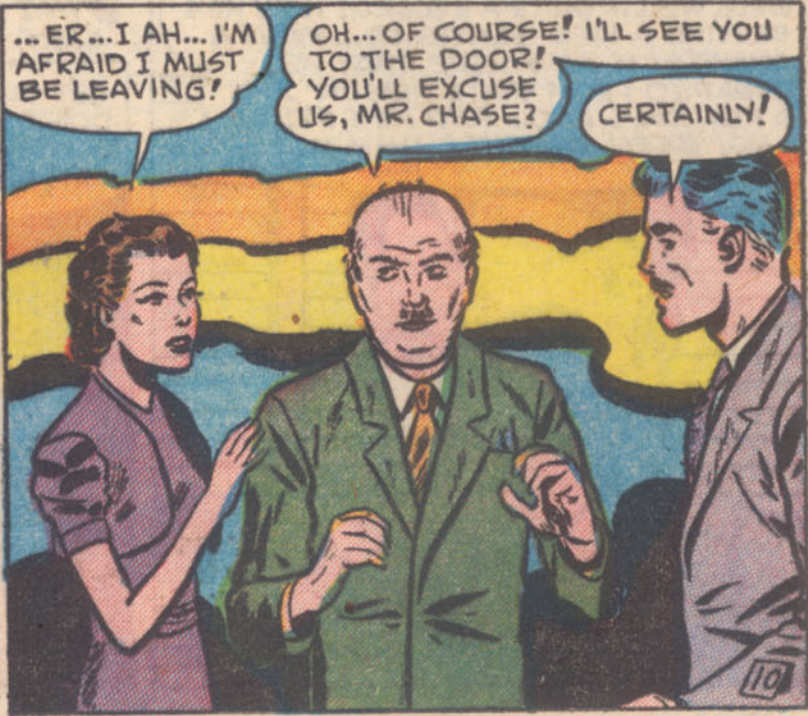
I'M SORRY IF I'VE  
STARTLED YOU! 'CHASE'  
IS THE NAME! CURTIS  
CHASE! I WANT TO  
TALK TO YOU!



... ER... I AH... I'M  
AFRAID I MUST  
BE LEAVING!

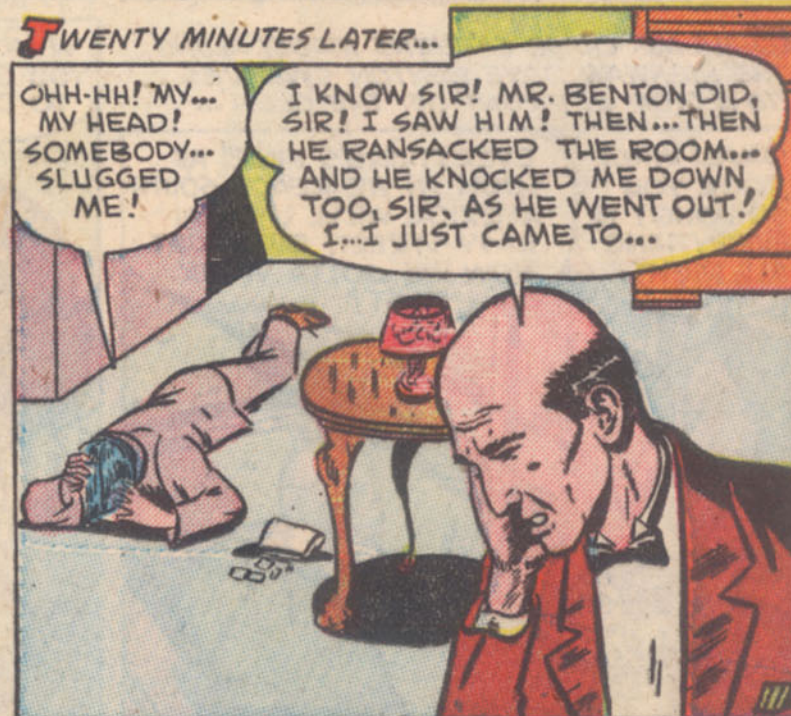
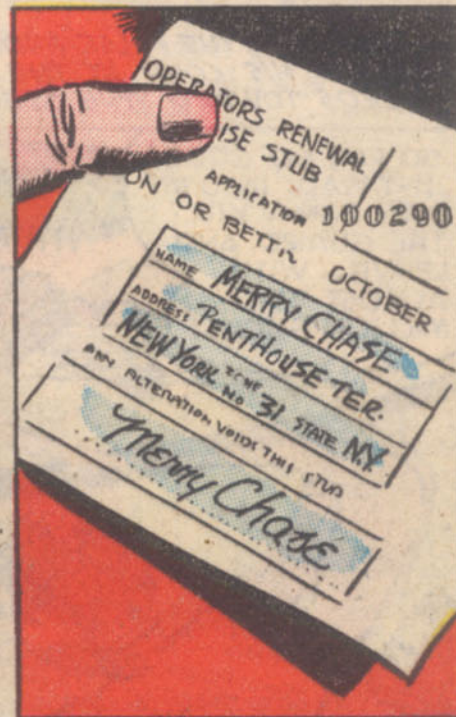
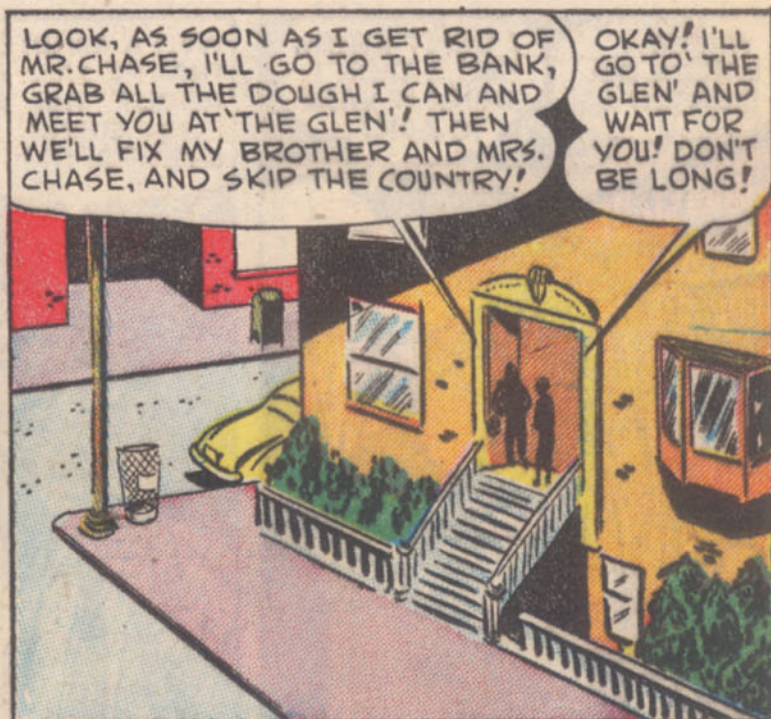
OH... OF COURSE! I'LL SEE YOU  
TO THE DOOR!  
YOU'LL EXCUSE  
US, MR. CHASE?

CERTAINLY!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE





# CRIME AND JUSTICE



WHERE...  
WHERE DID  
BENTON GO?

I DON'T KNOW,  
SIR! I DIDN'T  
THINK IT WISE  
TO ASK!



WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT WAS  
THAT HE SAID  
ABOUT 'THE  
GLEN' BEING  
OVERPOPULATED?

'THE GLEN'  
SIR? MR.  
BENTON'S  
SUMMER  
HOME?

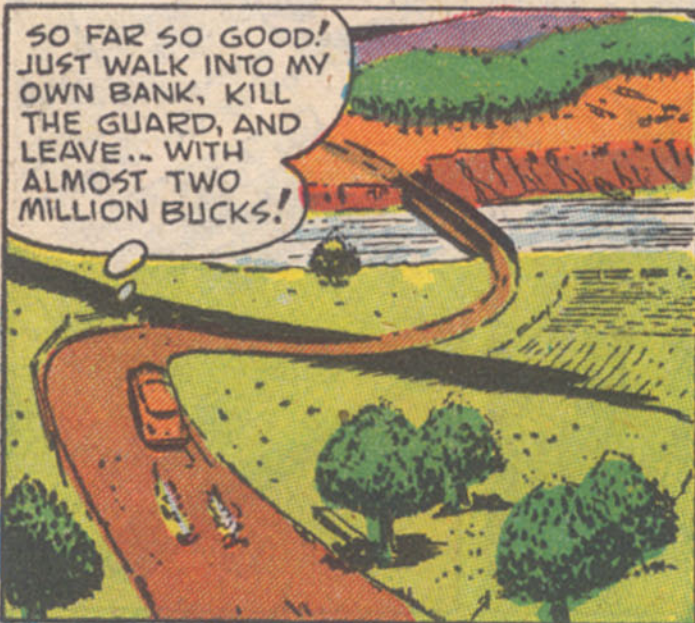


YES, THAT'S  
IT! 'THE  
GLEN'!  
WHERE IS  
IT?

OUT ON  
ROUTE 19,  
SIR! ABOUT A  
TWO HOUR  
DRIVE!

**M**EANWHILE, THE FALSE ANDREW BENTON  
FINISHES HIS COUP AT THE BANK AND  
SPEEDS TOWARD 'THE GLEN'!

**A**ND NOT FAR BEHIND,  
MR. CHASE ALSO IS  
RACING TO 'THE GLEN'.



SO FAR SO GOOD!  
JUST WALK INTO MY  
OWN BANK, KILL  
THE GUARD, AND  
LEAVE... WITH  
ALMOST TWO  
MILLION BUCKS!



LITTLE BY LITTLE  
THINGS ARE STARTING  
TO ADD UP! BUT IF MY  
HUNCH ABOUT 'THE  
GLEN' IS WRONG I  
DON'T KNOW **WHAT**  
MY NEXT MOVE  
WILL BE!

**W**HILE MR. CHASE CAREENS MADLY ALONG  
THE HIGHWAY, DAVE BENTON SWERVES  
TO A STOP IN FRONT OF 'THE GLEN'...



DAVE! WHAT  
TOOK YOU  
SO LONG? IS  
EVERYTHING  
ALL RIGHT?

EVERYTHING'S FINE! AS  
SOON AS WE REACH SOUTH  
AMERICA, WE'LL LIVE ON  
EASY STREET! BUT RIGHT  
NOW WE GOTTA WORK  
FAST!

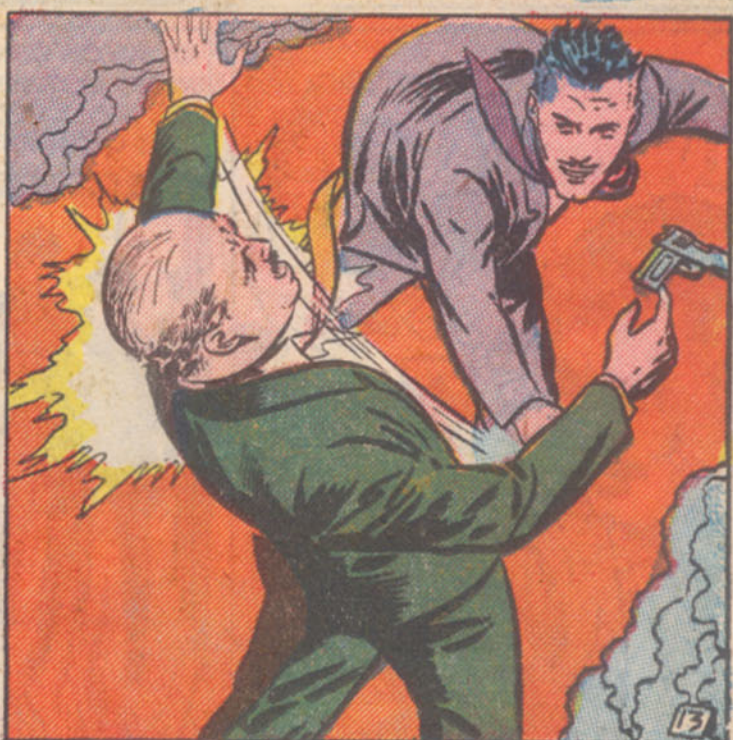
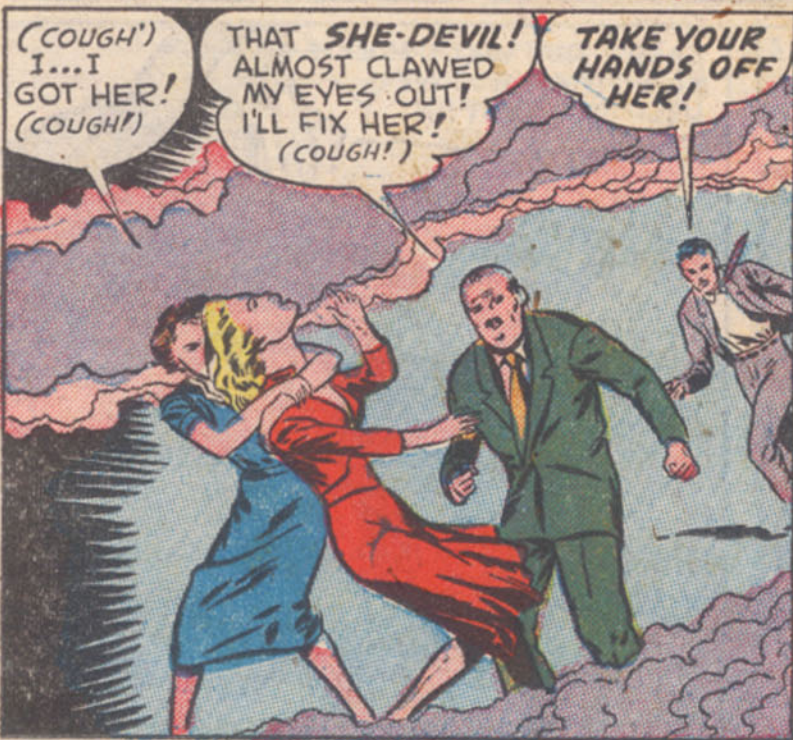
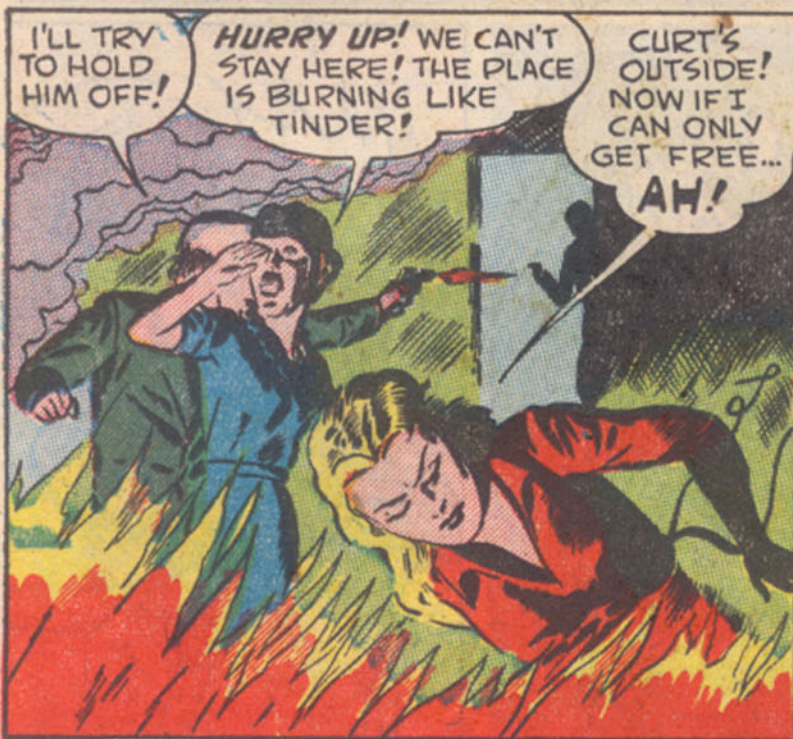
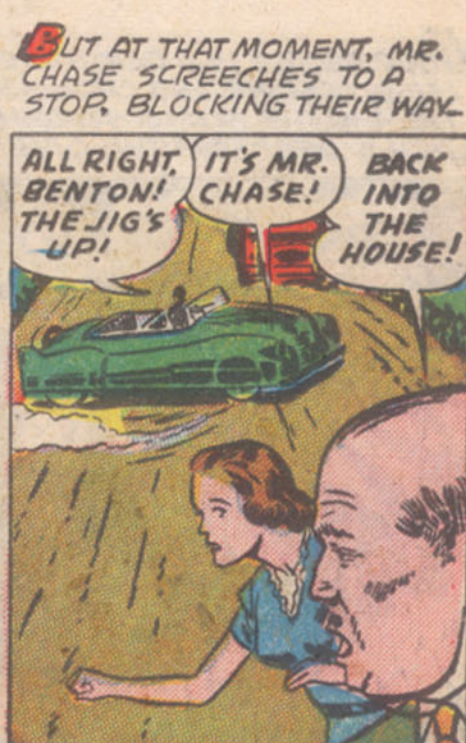


WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING  
TO DO?

DON'T JUST STAND THERE! HELP  
ME CARRY THESE DRUMS OF  
GASOLINE INTO THE HOUSE! WE'RE  
GOING TO LEAVE NOTHING BUT  
A PILE OF ASHES BEHIND US!



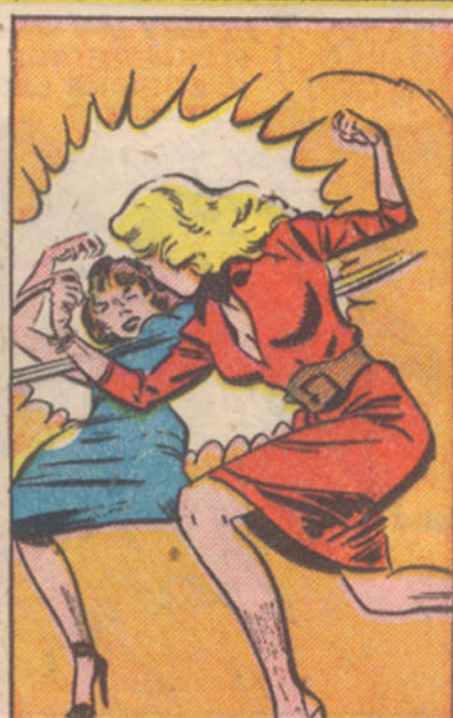
# CRIME AND JUSTICE





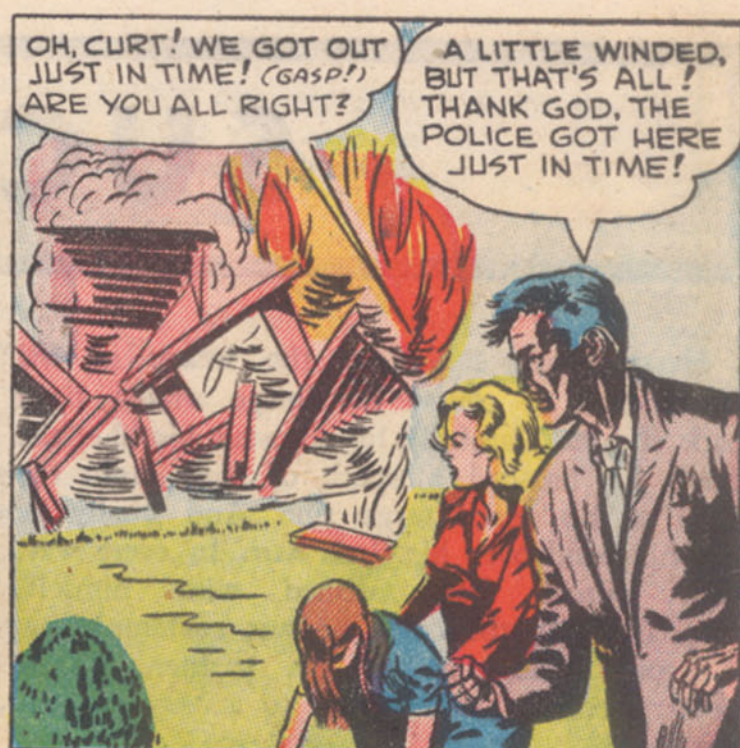
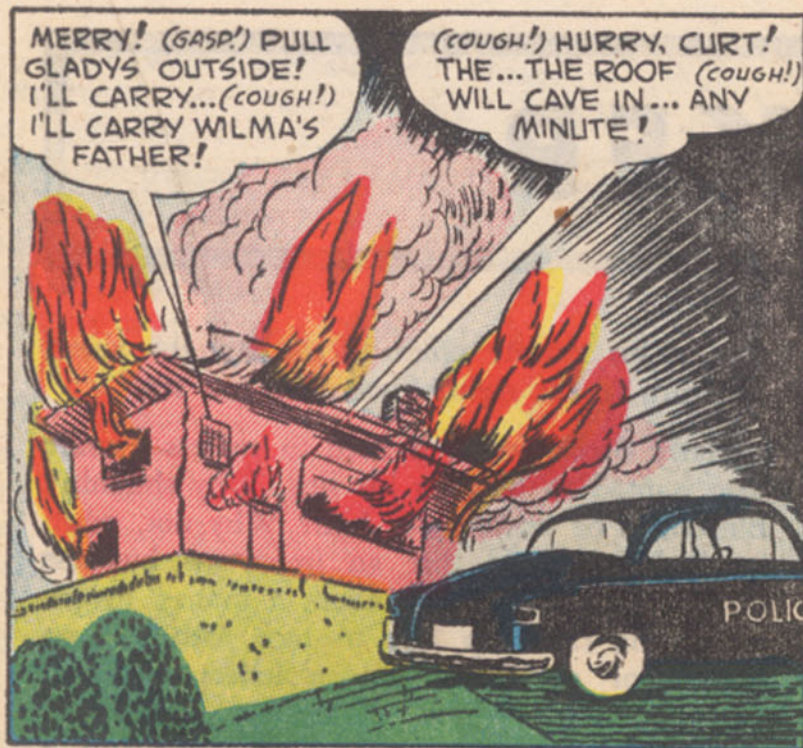
# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**F**OUR PEOPLE IN A DEATH STRUGGLE! TWO MEN...TWO WOMEN...BATTLING FURIOUSLY FOR THEIR LIVES, GASPING AND CHOKING FROM THE ACRID SMOKE! THE NEARNESS OF DEATH SURROUNDS THEM, IN THE BITING, STINGING FLAMES, THE POISONOUS FUMES... AND THEIR ENEMIES FIGHT WITH A DESPERATION GIVEN ONLY TO THOSE WHO FIGHT FOR THEIR VERY EXISTENCE!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE



**D**ON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE...

**F**OLLOW THE DIZZY PACE SET BY MR. AND MRS. CHASE IN THEIR NEXT THRILLING ADVENTURE.

**W**ATCH FOR IT SOON—



# SUCKER

Harry Brock smiled at the image in the mirror and of course the image smiled right back at him. Carefully he adjusted his blue tie. Then he brushed a speck of dust from the lapel of his black serge suit. And finally he ran his hand over his dark hair. In every way, Harry Brock was satisfied with himself, especially with the crime he was contemplating. A voice belonging to his partner, Robert Lowery, called his attention to a very obvious fact.

"If you keep on admiring yourself all day long in that blasted mirror, you'll never sell our sucker your bill of goods. You have half an hour to get over to the bank, so I suggest you be there on time. It will make a good impression."

Harry Brock walked into the living room of their three-room suite at the Creston Arms. Half slumped in a massive easy chair, the junior half of the partnership made some more pertinent remarks.

"Now remember, Harry, don't overplay your part. The Honorable John Butterfield is no fool. I've done a lot of checking on him. He didn't become owner of that bank and the town's leading citizen on his good looks, 'cause he hasn't any. He has a face that only a mother could love. If he smells a rat he might call the police or the Feds. Just keep your wits about you and your eyes open."

The senior half of the partnership walked over to the door and placed his hand on the knob. He had a few parting words to get out of his system before he went on the task of hooking his prospective victim.

"When I play on human nature, I'm bound to win. People are greedy to make money, especially easy money when there isn't a risk to be taken. A banker wants to make money, and Honorable John Butterfield is a banker. Bet you two to one I hook him for at least twenty grand."

The receptionist at the Third National Bank was all smiles. "Mr. Brock," she said in a sweet tone of voice acquired at Mrs. Tilton's Business School, "Mr. Butterfield is waiting for

you in his private office. Walk straight ahead and turn to the right. First door you see."

Harry Brock found it hard to repress a smile that wanted to play on his lips. Why shouldn't Butterfield be waiting for him? Why not, when he had been told that an important business man wanted to see him about a money investment? He came up face to face with a large glass door on which golden letters informed everyone: "Mr. John Butterfield, President." As a mere formality he knocked once and a deep guttural voice inside answered, "Come right in."

John Butterfield was a small man, about five feet six. He wore a closely-trimmed gray-black beard. Most of his hair had long since departed. There was a small but noticeable hook in his nose and he wore very thick lenses. He arose and extended his right hand. "Mr. Brock, I presume?" "Correct, Mr. Butterfield," was the reply. "I know you are a very business-like man and hate to waste time, so I will come right to the point." And finishing these words, he took from his inner coat pocket, a wallet. From the wallet he carefully extracted twenty bills and placed them upon the banker's desk. Each was a five dollar bill and a Silver Certificate, and they were all perfectly new. "Is there anything the matter with these bills?" asked Harry Brock. Mr. Butterfield picked one up and looked at it. Then he opened a side drawer in his desk and took out a small magnifying glass. He examined each bill minutely. Finally he opened a larger center drawer and from it took several sheets with serial numbers on them.

"These bills are neither counterfeit nor are they stolen money," was his final observation. "Just what is your purpose in showing me these bills?"

The answer was something like a thunderbolt from heaven. "I will sell you the entire lot, worth one hundred dollars for sixty dollars. Want to buy them?"

"Just what is your game?" demanded the banker in no uncertain tone of voice. "Is there any reason why I shouldn't call the police? Either you are a crank with lots of money to give away or you have some kind of fraud in mind."



There wasn't the slightest change of facial expression on Harry Brock's face. He had expected just such a reaction—at first. "If you call the police," he pointed out, "you can't make any charges against me. In fact, I can sue you for false arrest. If you don't want to buy this bargain, just say so. I have other business to take care of this afternoon."

The banker at once became very apologetic. "Don't misunderstand me. It's just that I never in my entire experience as a banker have had such a business proposition put to me. Needless to say I want to make money and it must be in a legitimate way. I'll buy those bills. And if I want more, where can I reach you?"

"At the Creston Arms. And I will only be there for the balance of the week. Have to leave for the West Coast. If you want to buy \$1,000 more of these bills, call me. If I'm out, leave a message: 'Deal is satisfactory.'"

Back in his suite, Harry Brock was all smiles. "You should see the way our fish took the bait," he explained to his junior partner. "Bet we get a call tomorrow for more of the green-goods. I can always spot the type. We're going to trim him and for plenty."

The next day the two partners took in the sights of the town and visited several of the leading taverns, sampling the beverages in no small quantities. When they reached the hotel, the telephone operator informed them of a message from Mr. Butterfield: "Deal is satisfactory. Come at nine to bank."

The next morning Robert Lowery was in high spirits as he stuffed brand new five dollar silver certificates into a brief case. "I guess you sized up this sucker O.K.," he admitted. "The real test will come after he buys these bills. Will he fall for the machine?"

For the last question the senior partner had the ready answer. "They all do. Stop worrying and give me the once over. Do I look like the successful business man?" The junior partner shook his head in the affirmative. "Do we go to Florida or will it be Southern France? Get this dough, then we'll decide."

The receptionist gave Harry Brock her best smile. "Mr. Butterfield is expecting you. You know how to get to his office." With head high in the air, he walked into the private office of the banker, this time without knocking.

"Have a seat," welcomed the banker. "Hope you brought the money with you." In reply, Harry Brock opened his brief case and took

out the money. He spread the bills on the desk and the banker examined them all very carefully. Then he opened a drawer and took out a bundle of bills. "There's your six hundred dollars," he said. "You don't know how grateful I am for this chance to make money. My daughter gets married next month. I want to buy her a \$10,000 house as a wedding present."

The last statement did it. The time was ripe to hook the fish for everything he had. "I must leave town day after tomorrow. If you want \$80,000 of these bills, come to my suite with \$20,000 in small bills and we'll do business."

"I will be there tomorrow at about ten in the morning," replied the banker. "And you don't know how appreciative I am of this opportunity you have presented me with to make the extra money I need." It took a lot of will power on the part of Harry Brock to restrain from laughing. But with \$20,000 before his eyes as future reward, he managed to control himself.

The next morning Mr. Butterfield appeared on time. "Have you got the money with you?" demanded Harry Brock. In reply, the banker opened a large package and took out twenty one thousand dollar bills. "Sorry I couldn't get small bills," he apologized. "Guess these will do."

Harry Brock pointed to a large package on the table as he took the bills. "There they are and you can count them for . . ." He never finished the statement. The phone in the next room rang and Robert Lowery appeared. "Phone for you, Mr. Brock," he announced.

The senior partner stepped into the next room and then shut the door. "Let's beat it now," he suggested. The two opened the door and found themselves facing a revolver. A powerful voice ordered, "Inside boys, while we put the cuffs on you."

At the Federal Building, Harry Brock pleaded, "Have a heart and tell me what went wrong with my sucker? How did you fellows get wise to me?"

Special Agent John Simmonds was obliging. "You fellows always imagine everyone is greedy and crooked. Mr. Butterfield is an honest citizen. He notified us at once. We wired his office the second time you were there. We wired your suite while you were out. And he has a message for you. There's about \$10,000 in rewards for your capture and he gets it all. He says, thanks to you fellows, he can give his daughter that new house." And the Agent added, "He says you are a sucker."

The End



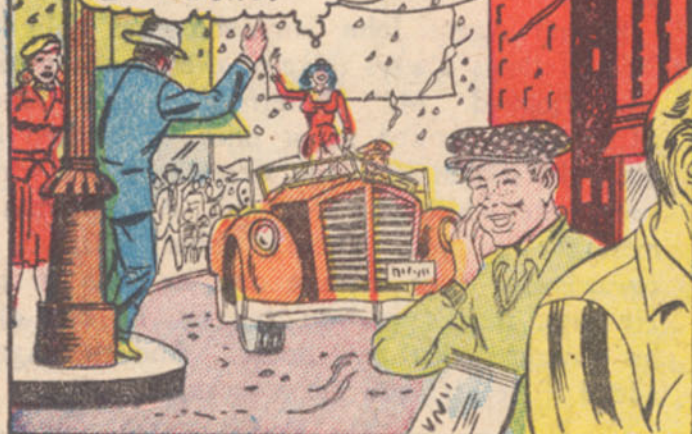
# CRIME AND JUSTICE

# CATHY HODGES



CATHY HODGES COMES HOME TO A TREMENDOUS OVATION AFTER A RECORD BREAKING SWIM ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL AND IS JUST ABOUT READY FOR A COMPLETE REST...

GOLLY! ONE MORE DAY LIKE THIS AND THEY'LL START MEASURING ME FOR A WOOD-EN KIMONO!



NEXT DAY..

THAT DOES IT, NOW I'LL SNEAK AWAY TO A NICE, QUIET MOUNTAIN RESORT AND REST, REST, REST!

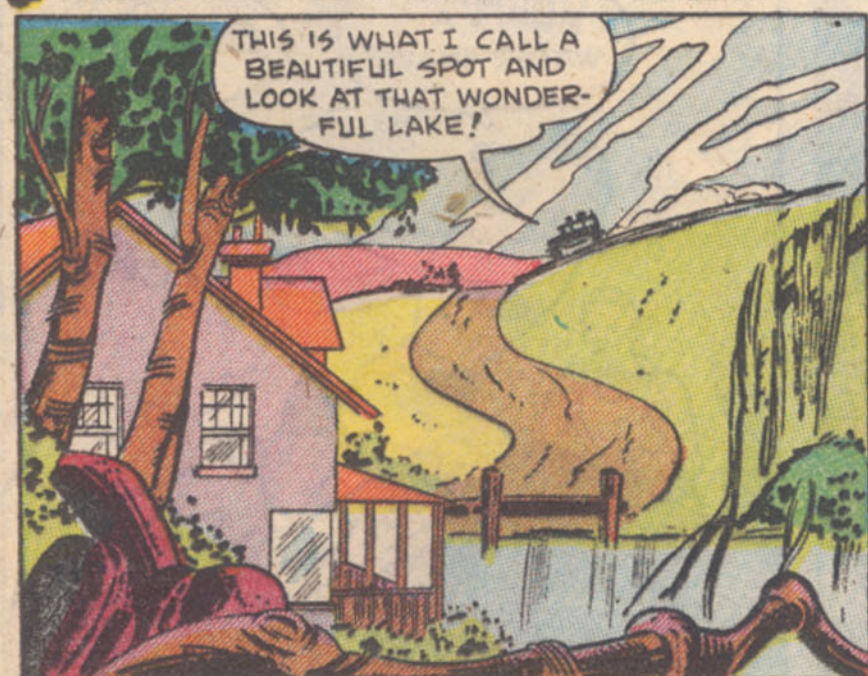




# CRIME AND JUSTICE

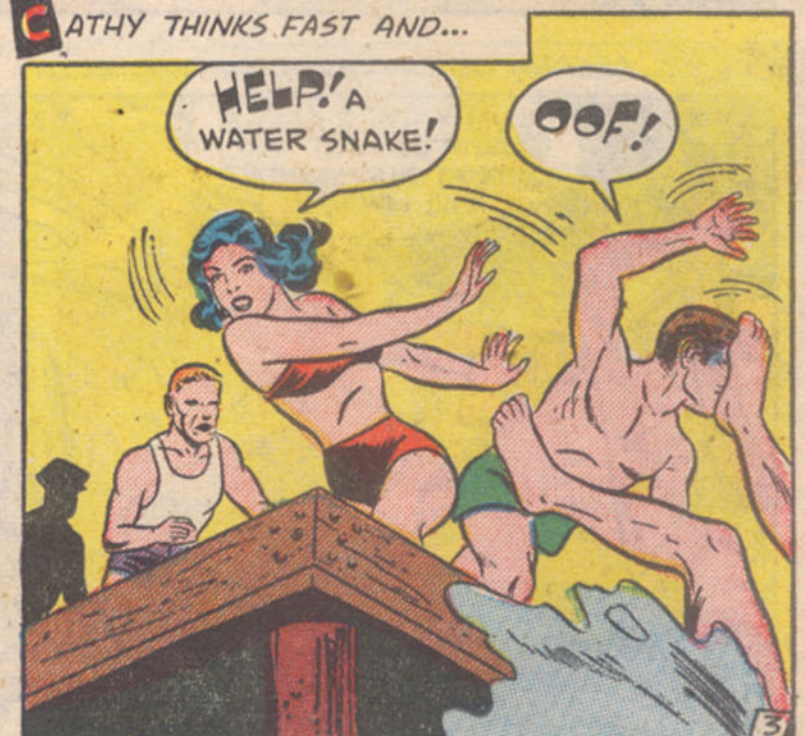
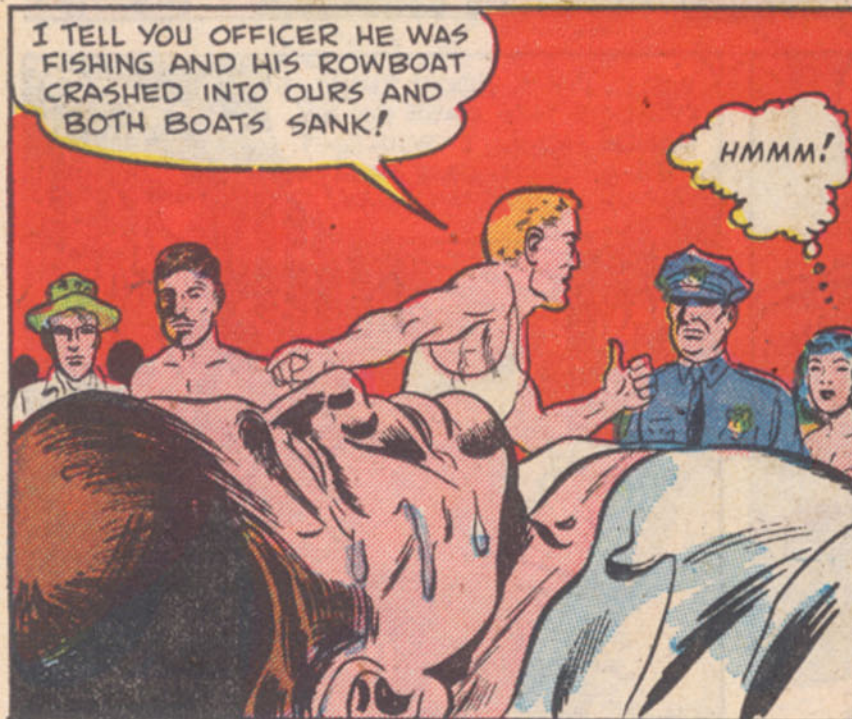
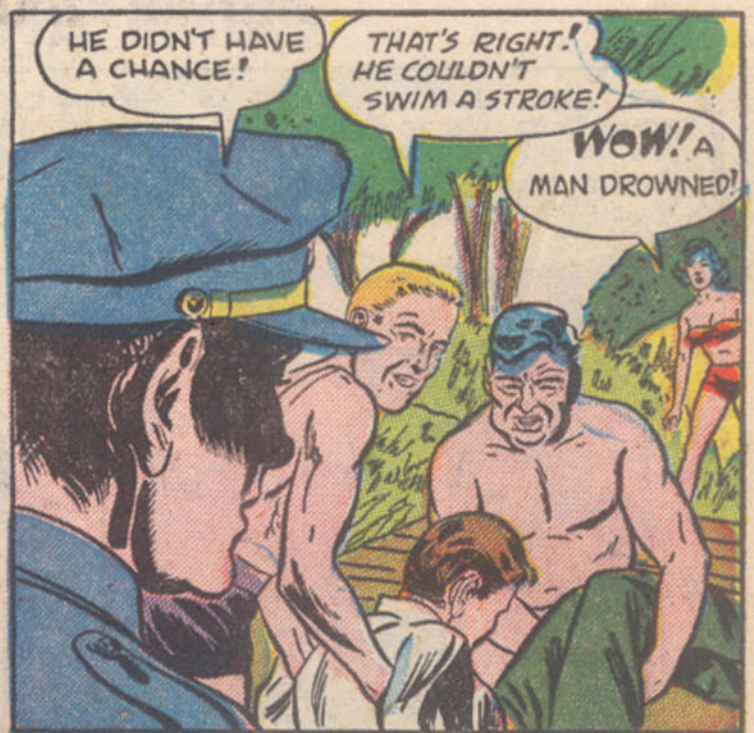
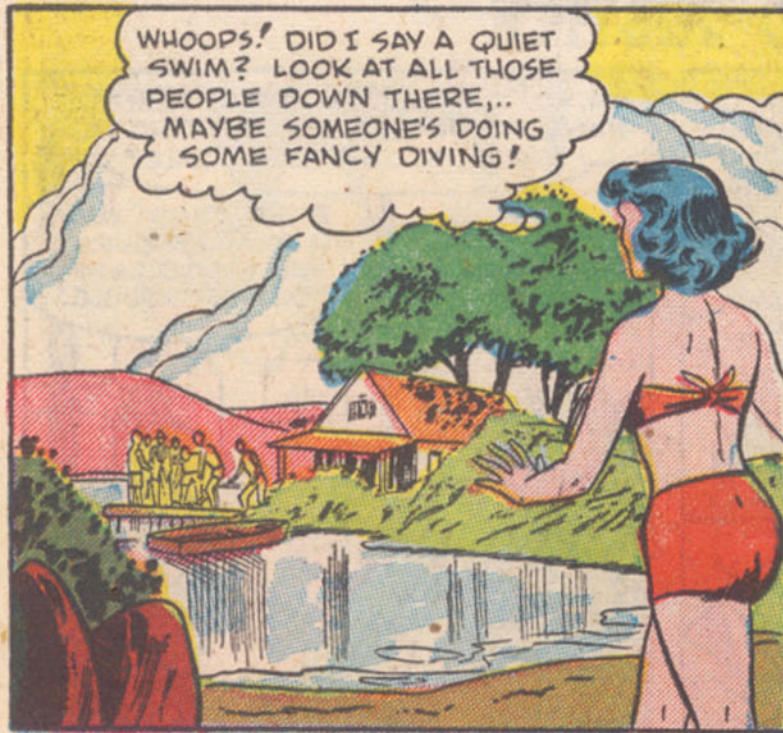


LATER... AS CATHY NEARS THE LAKEVIEW HOTEL...



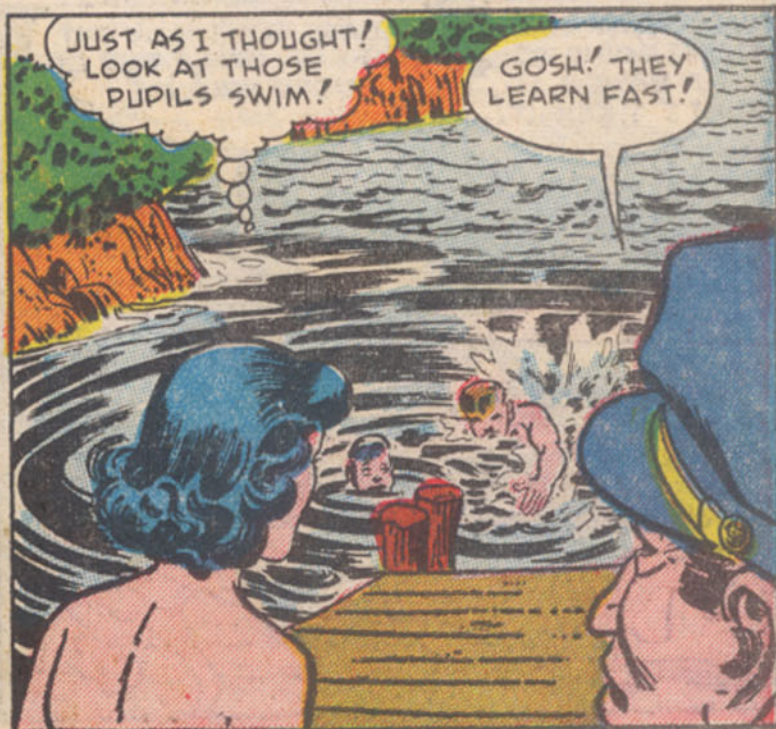


# CRIME AND JUSTICE

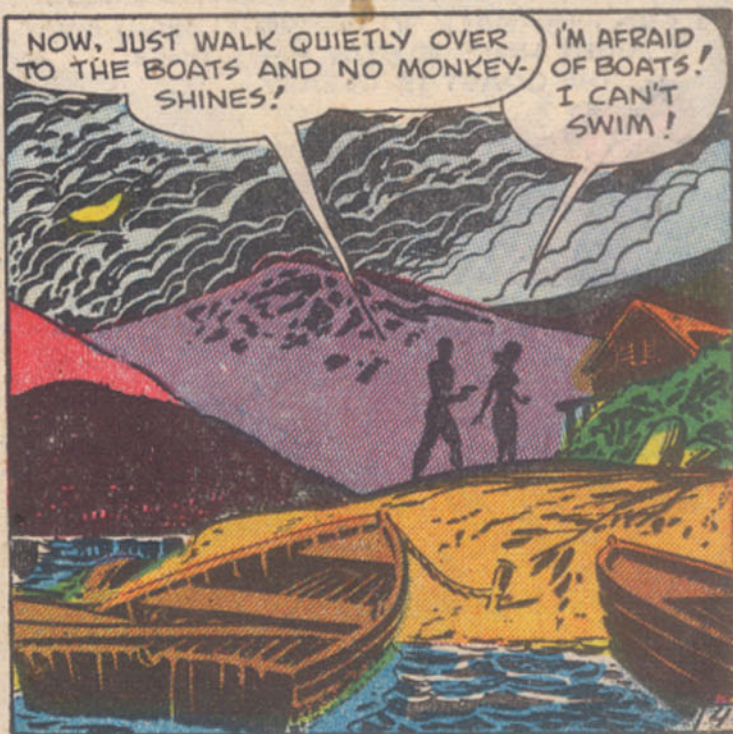




# CRIME AND JUSTICE

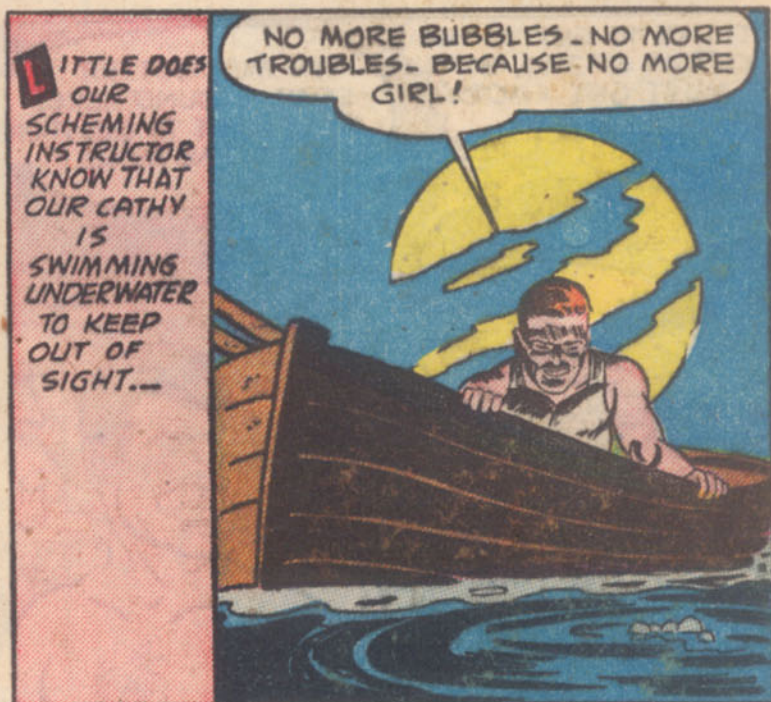
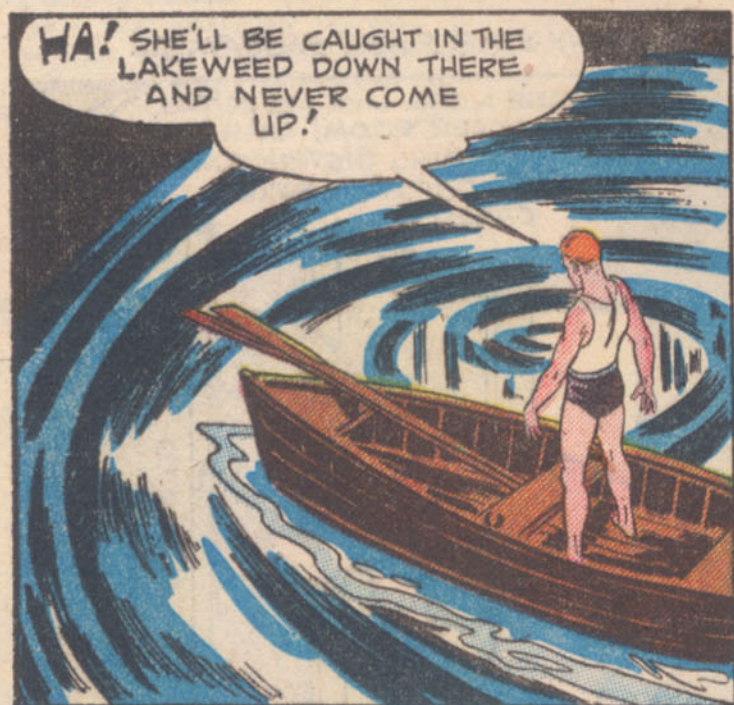
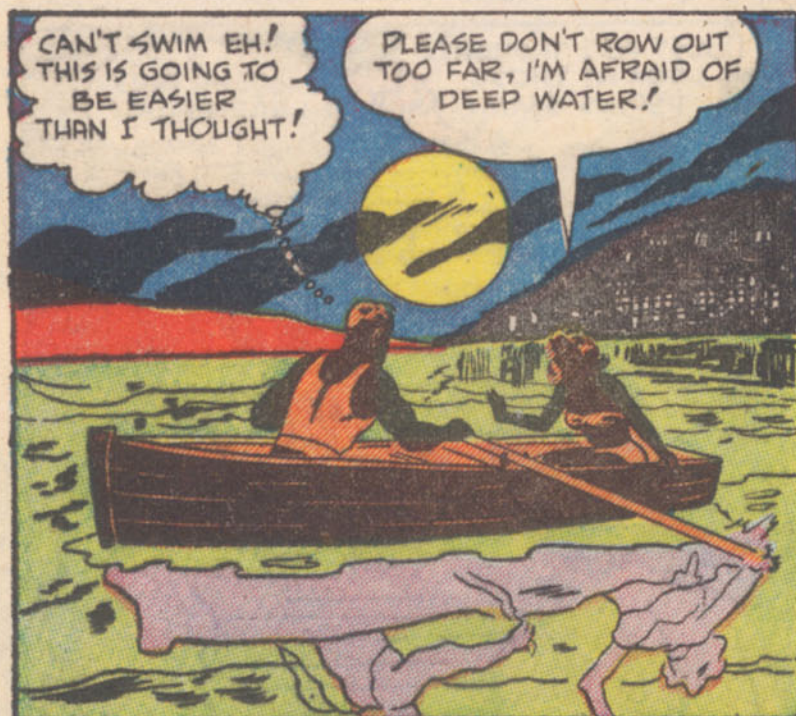


SO CATHY STARTS HER SNOOPING...





# CRIME AND JUSTICE



LITTLE DOES OUR SCHEMING INSTRUCTOR KNOW THAT OUR CATHY IS SWIMMING UNDERWATER TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT...





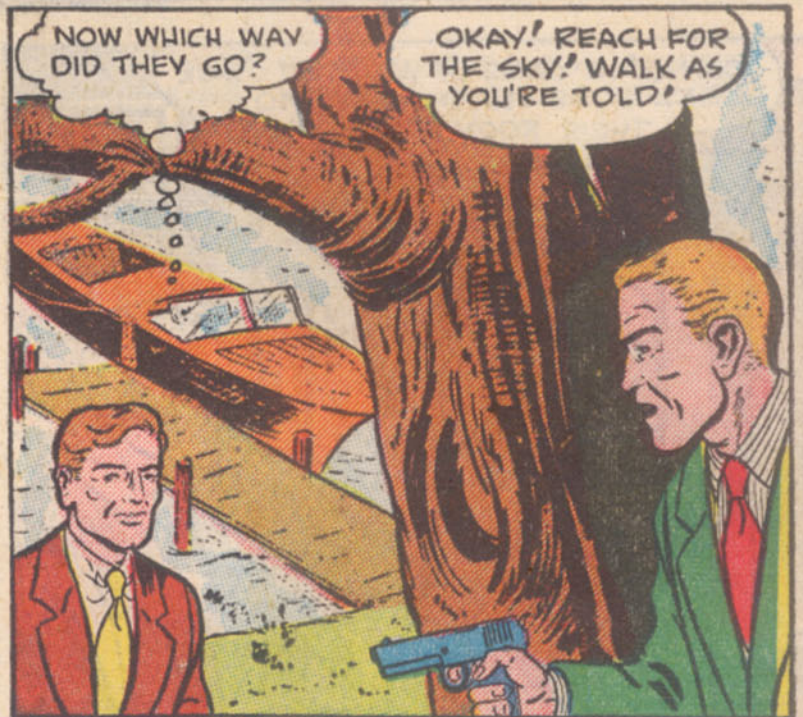
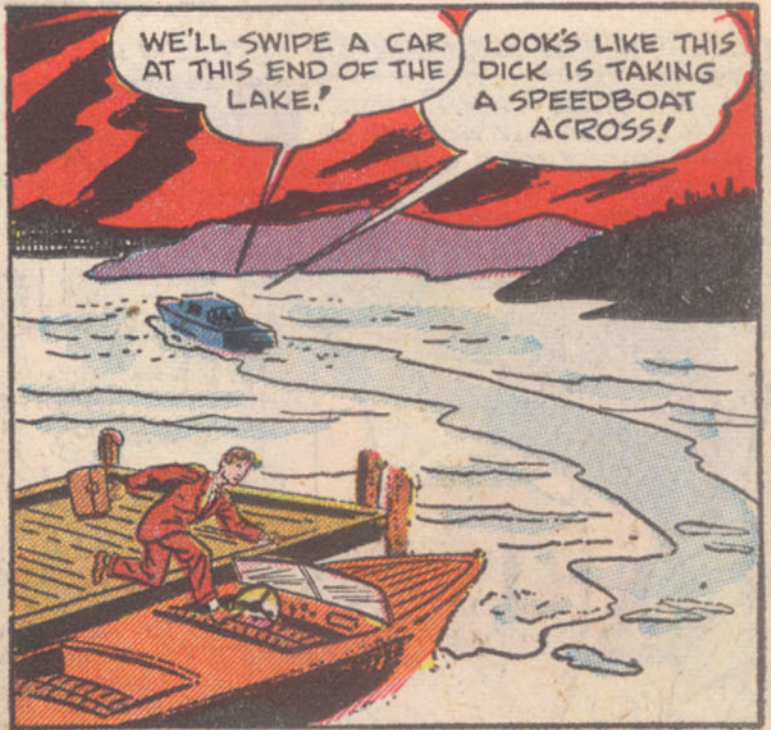
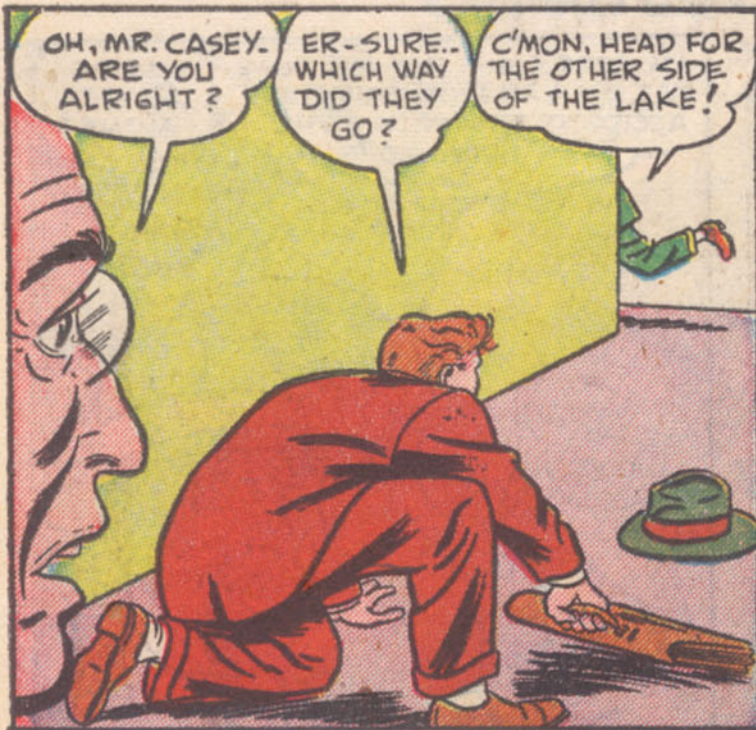
# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**M**EANWHILE AT THE MOUNTAIN LAKEVIEW HOTEL DESK..





# CRIME AND JUSTICE



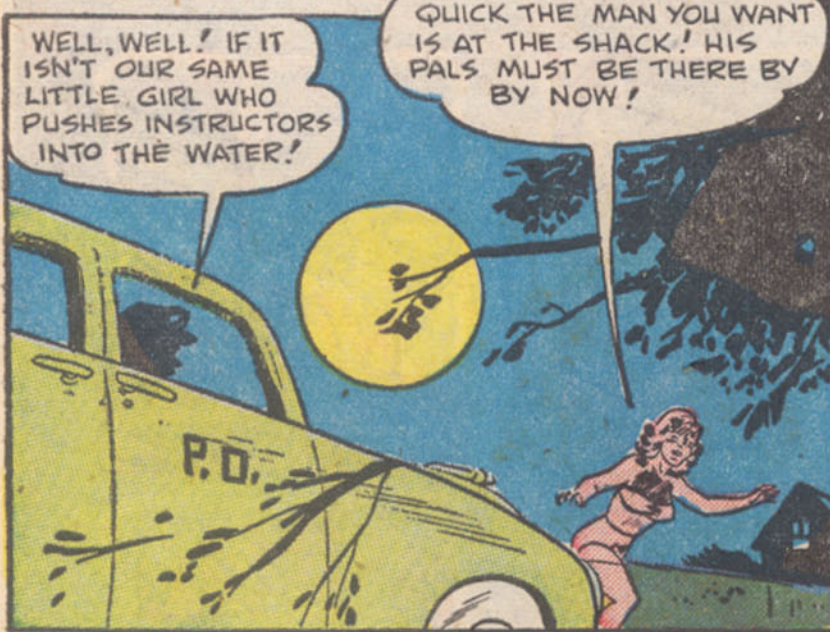
**M**EANWHILE CATHY IS HIDING FROM THE INSTRUCTOR AT THE SHACK!



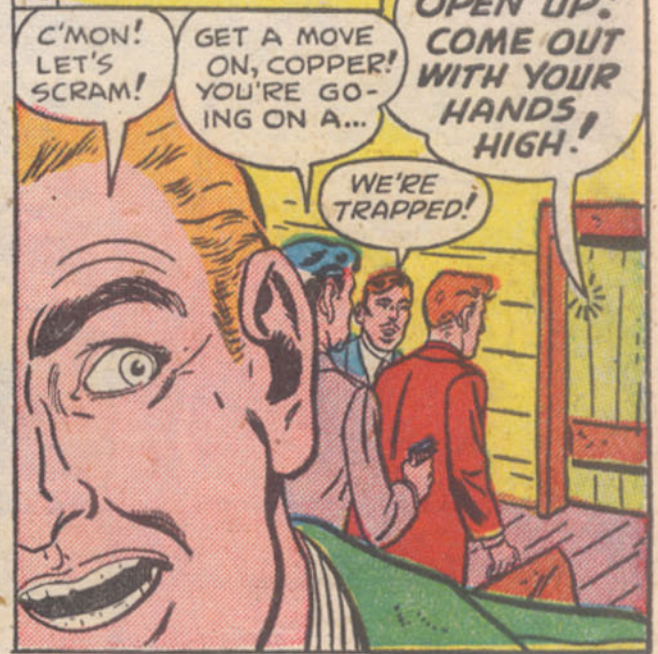


# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**T**HE POLICE MAKE A MAD DASH TO THE SPOT WHERE CATHY AWAITS THEM...

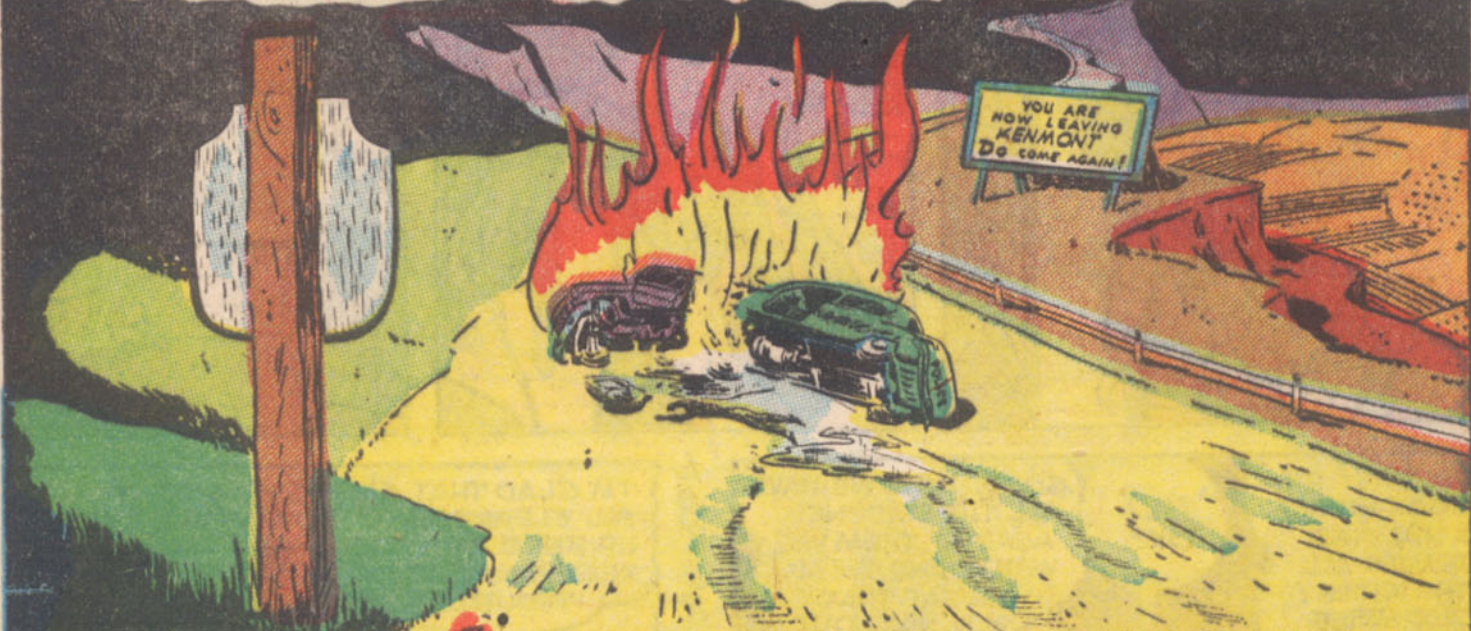
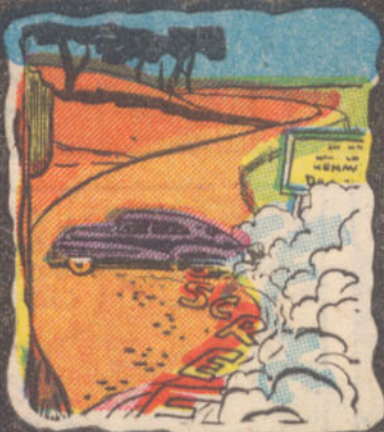
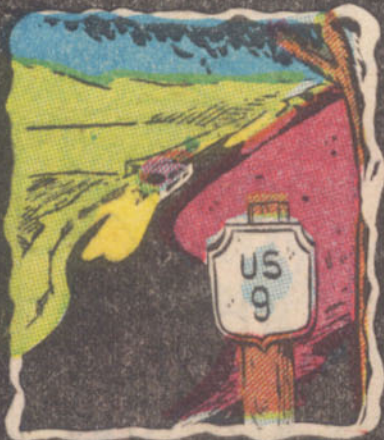


**A FEW MINUTES LATER...**





## CRIME AND JUSTICE

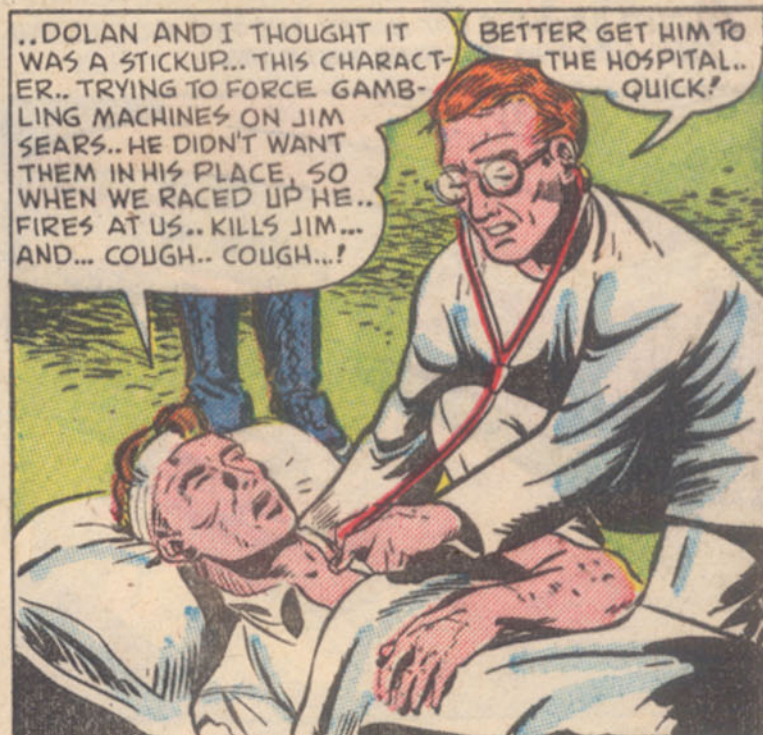
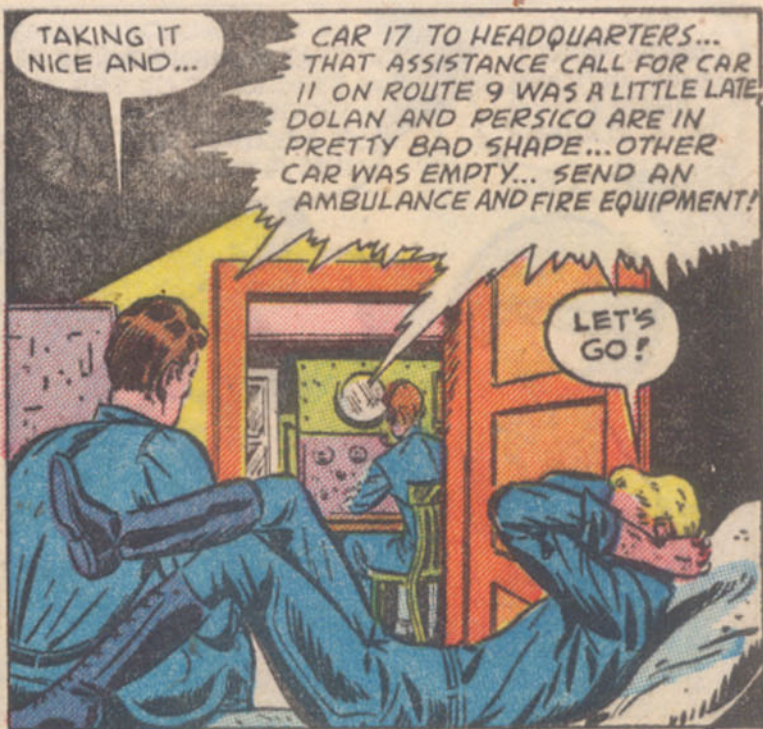


**K**ENMONT, NESTLED IN THE GENTLY ROLLING HILLS OF A NORTH-EASTERN STATE, WAS A PLEASANT, QUIET LITTLE TOWN. QUIET THAT IS, UNTIL A 'BIG CITY' PUNK DECIDED TO ADVANCE HIS FUTURE ON THE LADDER OF SUCCESS WITH KENMONT AS THE NUCLEUS TO HIS GOLDEN EMPIRE. FATE THOUGH, DEALT THE CRUSHING BLOW BY HAVING TWO, ALSO 'BIG CITY' POLICEMEN ON THE SCENE TO EXTRACT JUSTICE IN THE FULL SENSE OF THE WORD. THE BLUE-COATED PAIR BEING BARRY STORM AND 'TEX' CARRON OF THE NEW YORK CITY...

# RADIO PATROL



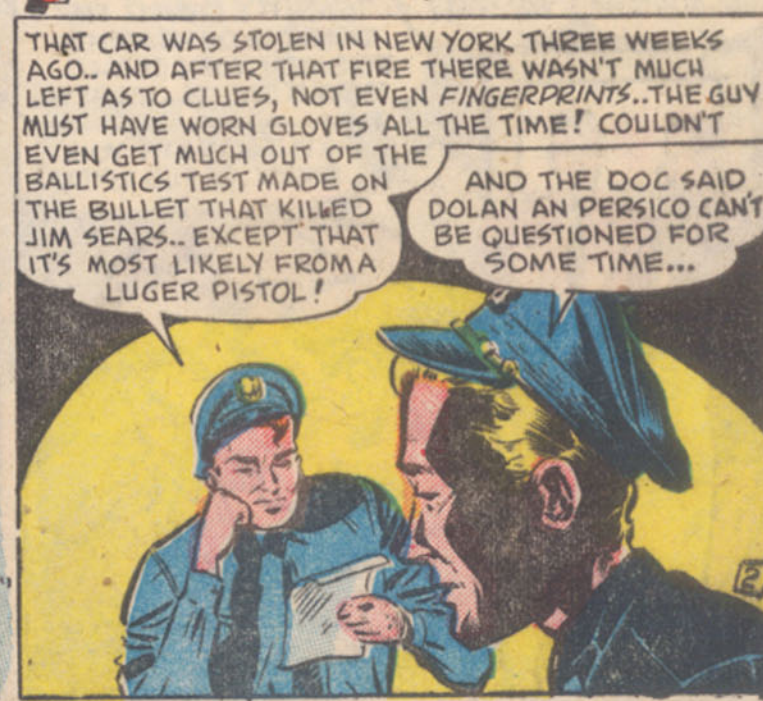
# CRIME AND JUSTICE



**M**EANWHILE IN THE WOODS, NOT FAR FROM THE ACCIDENT...



**L**ATER... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

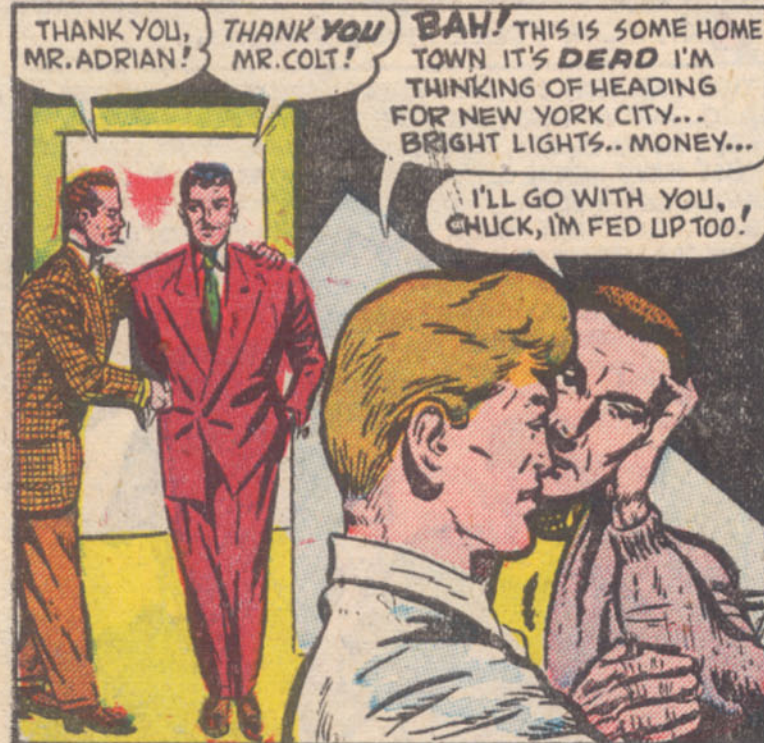
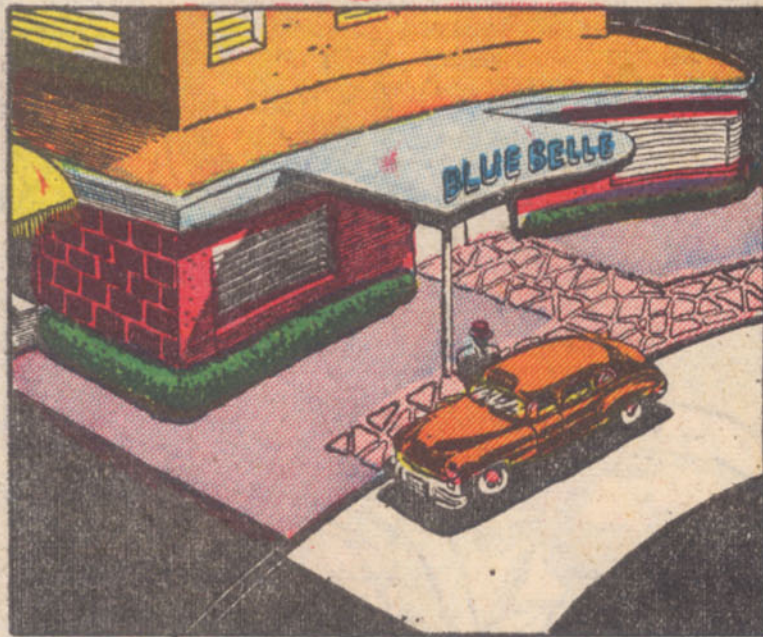




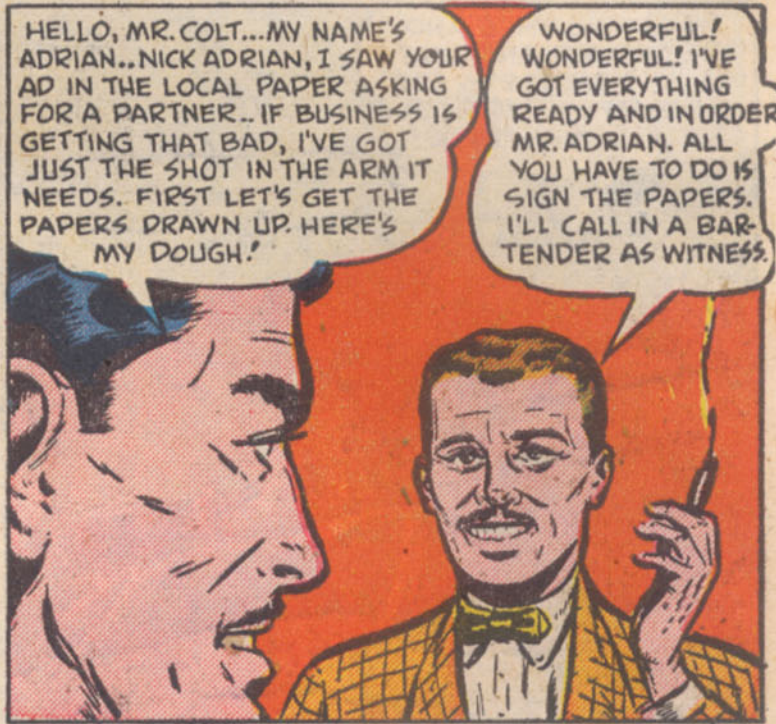
# CRIME AND JUSTICE



**A**FTER BRUSHING OFF BARRY AND TEX, NICK ADRIAN TOOK A CAB TO THE BLUE BELLE INN...



**A**FTER CHECKING ON THE ONLY TWO HOTELS IN TOWN, BARRY STORM AND TEX CARRON FOUND THEIR 'HIGH CLASS' VISITOR... LIVING QUITE LUXURIOUSLY...





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**L**ATER IN NICK'S HOTEL SUITE...

YOU GUYS WANT TO BE A BIG SHOT LIKE ME? HERE... YOU GOTTA HAVE POWER FIRST. A ROD IS THE BEST CONVINCER... AND TWO HUNDRED APIECE AS A START!

HOLY MACKEREL!

GEE!



I'M TURNING ONE OF THE BLUE BELLE'S BACK ROOMS OVER FOR GAMBLING. I WANT YOU GUYS TO GO OUT AND SPREAD THE WORD, THEN WE'RE PAYIN' A FEW OF THE HOTEL AND INN KEEPERS AROUND HERE A VISIT!

RIGHT, MR. ADRIAN!

WE'RE GETTING KICKS FROM JUST PACKING A HEATER!



**N**EXT EVENING...

MR. FRISCO, YOU'RE GETTIN' THE DEAL OF A LIFETIME! YOU'LL BE GETTIN' A CUT ON THE BETS JUST BY USING ONE OF YOUR BACK ROOMS. YOUR HOTEL'S BUSINESS WILL BOOM!

WISE UP, FRISCOE! IT'S EITHER THAT OR A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! I'LL GO ALONG. IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY WIFE AND KIDS...



**T**HEN, ONE EVENING BARRY AND TEX WERE CALLED TO A CANDY STORE

THEY... BEAT ME, SHOT ME BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE BETS ON THE SIDE.. HE HAD TWO... UNH...

THE DESCRIPTION FITS NICK ADRIAN, TEX, HE OWNS HALF OF THE BLUE BELLE.. NOW THIS WILL BE A MURDER RAP AGAINST HIM!



**A**ND SO, NICK ADRIAN, WITH HIS TWO TOUGHS ACCUMULATED QUITE A COLLECTION OF BETTING PARLORS...



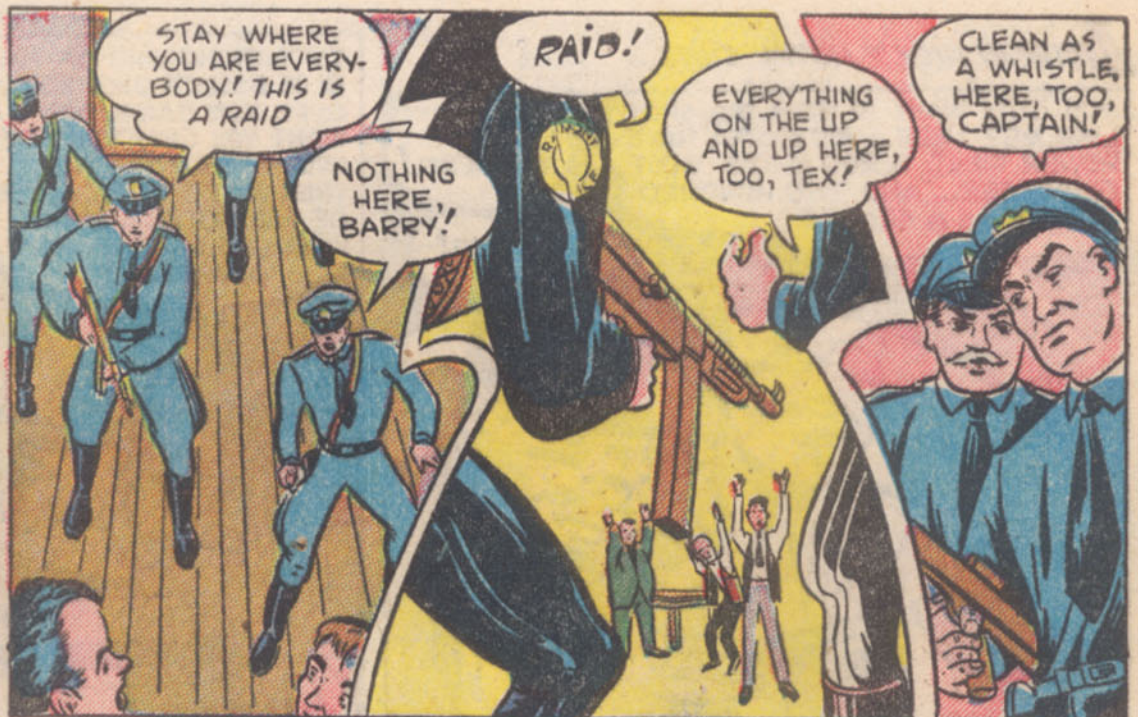
THE MAYOR WANTS RESULTS, BARRY... TEX?

YEAH.. SO WOULD WE! MR. COLT, ADRIAN'S PARTNER SWORE NICK WAS AT THE BLUE BELLE ALL NIGHT, AND WE DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER WITNESSES! LET'S SEE WHAT ADRIAN HAS TO SAY!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE



**B**ACK AT HEADQUARTERS...



WHAT DO YOU SAY WE PULL OUR OWN PRIVATE RAID, TEX? CATCH THEM BY SURPRISE!

NOW BACK IN TEXAS WE'D CALL THAT A RIGHT FINE IDEA!



**H**ALF AN HOUR LATER AT A ROADSIDE INN...



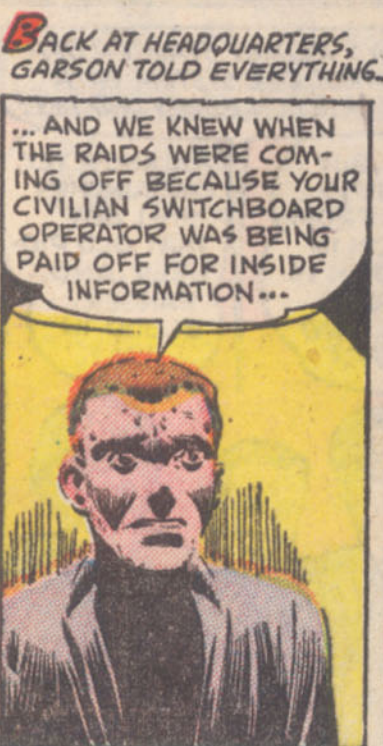
**B**UT AT THIS MOMENT, CHUCK ENTERS AS HE IS ON HIS ROUNDS COLLECTING THE DAYS RECEIPTS...





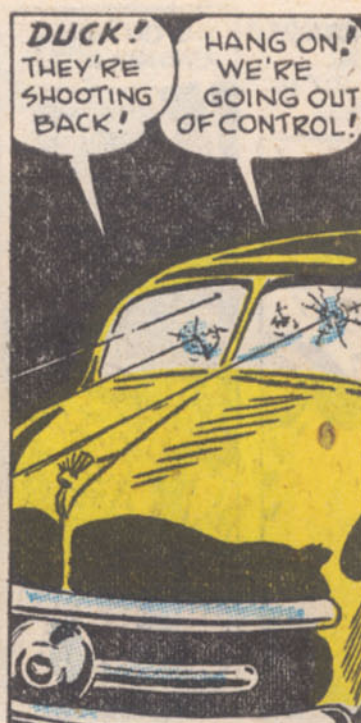
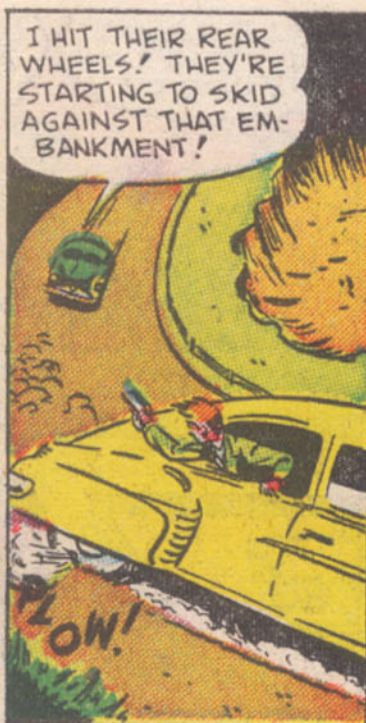
# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**W**HILE TEX IS HAVING HIS SHOULDER ATTENDED TO AT THE HOSPITAL... CHUCK IS ALSO RECEIVING A BIT OF ATTENTION AT NICK ADRIAN'S...





# CRIME AND JUSTICE





# AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING BUY U. S. BONDS

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UP TO **5 lbs.** A WEEK WITH **DR. PHILLIPS KELPIDINE REDUCING PLAN**

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☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.95 plus postage.

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